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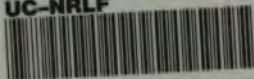
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Believe Me Xantippe

FREDERICK BALLARD



MUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

THE FAMILY UPSTAIRS

Comedy of American life in 3 acts. By Harry Delf. Produced originally by Sam H. Harris at the Gaiety Theatre, New York. 4 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

Joe Heller is a street-car inspector on \$42.50 a week. Louise is his eldest daughter, an office worker, now aged twenty-one who hasn't managed to land a husband yet. Her mother's one anxiety is to get her properly married, while father's ambition is to get his son, Willie, to work. Sister Annabelle, the "kid sister" of the family, has one passion, and that is getting out of doing her piano lessons. It is a typical average American home that we look into: Annabelle practising on the tin-panny piano, Willie making a telephone date with a girl friend, father coming home from work in his uniform, fagged out, mother bossing, Annabelle's playing, everyone wanting dinner, and so forth. Charles Grant comes to call on Louise and after embarrassed introductions all around, he is left alone with her. They are in love with each other, and before the evening is out they are engaged. But mother puts her finger into the domestic pie. She tells the neighbors what a wonderful fellow Louise has won and that he is a big banker (in reality he is making \$40 a week). And the game of bluff goes on. Having heard all this "propaganda," Grant begins to wonder what sort of a family he is getting into. There is an unhappy half-hour when the engagement seems to be off, and then Grant's mother appears on the scene. Mrs. Grant is just the bluffer that Mrs. Heller is, and both see through all the bluffs and discount them. Everything ends happily.

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"Uncorks a laugh a second." N. Y. Press.

"Hustling, bustling, reckless fun." N. Y. American.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

Believe Me, Xantippe

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

FREDERICK BALLARD.

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BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE

THE ORIGINAL CAST

*As produced at The Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre,
New York City.*

GEORGE MACFARLAND.....*Mr. John Barrymore*
ARTHUR SOLE.....*Mr. Alonzo Price*
THORNTON BROWN.....*Mr. Henry Hull*
"BUCK" KAMMAN.....*Mr. Theodore Roberts*
"SIMP" CALLOWAY.....*Mr. Frank Campeau*
"WRENN" RIGLEY.....*Mr. Al. Roberts*
WILLIAM.....*Mr. M. Tello Webb*
MARTHA.....*Mr. Alpha Beyers*
VIOLET.....*Miss Katherine Harris*
DOLLY KAMMAN.....*Miss Mary Young*

CHARACTERS

GEORGE MACFARLAND.....*Of New York*
THORNTON BROWN.....*His friend*
WILLIAM.....*MacFarland's Valet*
ARTHUR SOLE.....*Detective*
"BUCK" KAMMAN.....*A Colorado Sheriff*
"WRENN".....*His jailer*
"SIMP" KALLOWAY.....*A desperado*
DOLLY KAMMAN.....*Buck's daughter*
MARTHA.....*Her aunt*
VIOLET.....*Simp's friend*

PLACE: *New York and Colorado*

TIME: *The present*

BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE

- Act I. Oct. 7th. MacFarland's apartments in New York.
- Act II. Sept. 30th, the following year. A hunting shack in southwestern Colorado.
- Act III. Two days later. The County Jail at Delta, Colorado.
- Act IV. Four days later. The same.

Believe Me, Xantippe

ACT I

SCENE: GEORGE MACFARLAND'S bachelor apartments at Sherry's, New York City. A well furnished room with two entrances—L. 3, door leading to bedroom; rear R., door leading to vestibule. L. 2, fireplace. R. 2, window. Table down center. Telephone desk, near R. 2, window. The room is discovered, lighted. There is a slight pause, then—

MACFARLAND. (*Angrily, off L. 3*) William! (*Enter WILLIAM, the valet, from vestibule, rear door R. C. Sharply*) William!

WILLIAM. (*Deliberately, as he gazes towards L. 3*) Yes, sir.

MACFARLAND. (*Angrily*) Where are my shirt-studs?

WILLIAM. The burglars stole them, sir.

MACFARLAND. (*Savagely*) Hang the burglars!

WILLIAM. Yes, sir, I would if I could catch them, sir. (*Starts to exit*)

MACFARLAND. (*Angrily*) William!

WILLIAM. (*Re-entering*) Yes, sir.

MACFARLAND. Where is Minerva?

WILLIAM. Who?

MACFARLAND. (*Loud and angry*) My cameo stick-pin.

WILLIAM. The burglars got that, too, sir.

MACFARLAND. (*Hotly*) I'll be—is there anything the burglars *didn't* get?

WILLIAM. (*Deliberately, as before*) Not that I know of, sir.

(*Door-bell rings.*)

MACFARLAND. (*Angrily*) Answer the bell! Thank the Lord they didn't get that.

WILLIAM. Yes, sir.

MACFARLAND. (*Sarcastically, as WILLIAM is exiting*) It's probably a policeman coming to explain why he hasn't caught the burglars. (*Exit WILLIAM, rear I.*)

(*BROWN enters, rear D. followed by WILLIAM. BROWN is a well-dressed lawyer of thirty.*)

BROWN. Mr. MacFarland in?

WILLIAM. He's dressing, sir.

(*BROWN gives hat and stick to WILLIAM who exits rear.*)

BROWN. (*Calling off L. jovially*) Hello, George!

MACFARLAND. (*Off-stage, somewhat grouchy*) Who's that?

BROWN. Thornt.

(*Enter MACFARLAND, L. 3. MACFARLAND is a wealthy young bachelor—good looking, likable. Wears a loose dressing gown.*)

MACFARLAND. Hello, Thornt! (*Crosses R. to window, kneels and begins looking on floor for cameo pin—crawls around on knees*)

BROWN. What are you looking for?

MACFARLAND. Minerva. The burglars took her.

BROWN. Then what's the use of looking for her?

MACFARLAND. They might have dropped her as they crawled through this window.

BROWN. Nonsense!

MACFARLAND. (*Testily*) Burglars have been known to drop things, haven't they?

BROWN. Have the officers caught them yet?

MACFARLAND. (*Rising*) No, and they never will, not in a hundred years! (*He takes cigar from box on table, bites end off angrily and lights cigar*)

BROWN. (*Who has been watching him, amused, from in front of fireplace*) Why this sudden effusion of optimism?

MACFARLAND. (*R. glancing at him, sharply*) Cut the comedy.

BROWN. How much of it?

MACFARLAND. All of it! (*He paces R. toward telephone table*)

BROWN. (*Dryly*) Aren't you well?

MACFARLAND. I'm sore.

BROWN. Where?

MACFARLAND. (*Pacing L., front*) All over.

BROWN. You must have been here when the burglars arrived.

MACFARLAND. (*Glancing at him sharply, from R.*) I wish I had been. I would have caught them. (*Paces R. angrily*)

BROWN. Is it too late now?

MACFARLAND. It wouldn't be if there were any policemen in New York.

BROWN. (*Puzzled, surprised*) Any policemen?

MACFARLAND. (*Sits R. c.*) That's what I said.

BROWN. The streets are full of them. I passed ten as I came up here.

MACFARLAND. (*Going towards him, from lower R.*) You mean you passed ten uniforms. I'm talking about *policemen*—officers of the law—things that have brains and use them.

BROWN. Now look here, George. Simply because

the police haven't captured the burglars who robbed *this* apartment——

MACFARLAND. It isn't just this apartment; it's all apartments. They never catch the burglars. They're a bunch of sleepy overfed house-cats. All of them.

BROWN. George, I'm a lawyer and the police are my best friends.

MACFARLAND. I don't care what you are. They are about as intelligent as a soft-shell crab. Believe me, Xantippe, a soft-shell crab!

BROWN. Then why don't you hire a detective?

MACFARLAND. They're worse than the police. (*Sits R. C.*) Thornt, the rank and file of detectives in this country are a bunch of fakers. (*With suppressed anger crossing to BROWN*) Do you want me to tell you what's the matter with the United States?

BROWN. (*Somewhat sarcastically*) I suppose it's the detectives.

MACFARLAND. Not altogether.

BROWN. The police, then.

MACFARLAND. They help, but——

BROWN. But what?

MACFARLAND. The great arm of the law—the thing that reaches out and seizes criminals and drags them into the courts—the great arm of the law in this country is paralyzed.

BROWN. (*Challengingly*) Is it?

MACFARLAND. That's what I said! Not only the arm itself but the fingers of the arm—(*Holding out fingers of right hand and turning them down one by one during following*) Police, detectives, sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, town marshals. No good, absolutely no good!

BROWN. (*Dryly*) That's what you think.

MACFARLAND. (*Hotly and aggressively*) All right, then why is it that every time the arm reaches out to get a criminal it gets left?

BROWN. It doesn't. It gets the criminal.

MACFARLAND. It does like——

BROWN. Our penitentiaries are pretty well filled, aren't they?

MACFARLAND. (*Leveling finger at him*) Why? Because criminals are like all other professional men. There are bound to be a few blockheads among them; and the blockheads get caught.

BROWN. And only the blockheads, I suppose?

MACFARLAND. If a crook isn't a blockhead, there's no more danger of his being caught than there is of a whale being crushed to death by a jelly-fish. I tell you, Thornt, a man of average intelligence and a little common sense can commit crime day in and day out in this country and get away with it. (*BROWN laughs heartily*) You don't believe me, do you?

BROWN. I certainly do not.

MACFARLAND. Why, confound it, Thornt, even you who could never keep away from anything in your life, you could keep away from the officers of the law.

BROWN. You couldn't.

MACFARLAND. (*Quickly and defiantly*) I couldn't, eh? How much will you bet I couldn't?

BROWN. (*Somewhat impatient with him. Rises*) If you keep on talking, George, something interesting is going to happen.

MACFARLAND. (*Hotly*) How much will you bet that I can't dodge every officer in this country?

BROWN. (*Dryly*) How many of them?

MACFARLAND. All of them. Detectives! Police! Sheriffs! Deputy Sheriffs! All of them!—How much will you bet?

BROWN. How long can you dodge them?

MACFARLAND. A week, a month, a year—anything you like. I haven't anything to do.

BROWN. How will you prove you can dodge them?

MACFARLAND. By doing it. I'll fake up a crime and get the officers on my trail. Then I'll show you what a man with a little common sense can do when the law tries to get him.

BROWN. (*Frowning, gravely*) For how long did you say?

MACFARLAND. A year!

BROWN. A year is a long time, George.

MACFARLAND. I have ten thousand dollars that says I can do it.

BROWN. (*After pause, during which he studies MACFARLAND*) Are you in earnest?

MACFARLAND. Just to prove I'm in earnest, I'll give you odds of two to one.

BROWN. George, I never took advantage of a monomaniac before, but I'm going to take advantage of one now.

MACFARLAND. All right, sir. (*Jerks check-book from desk R. and slaps it on R. end of table*)

BROWN. (*Calmly taking out check-book. He is now L. end of table*) Ten thousand?

MACFARLAND. That's what I said.

BROWN. (*Taking fountain pen from vest pocket as MACFARLAND takes his*) Two to one?

MACFARLAND. (*Jerking back chair from table*) Two to one! (*He drops into chair and begins to write check rapidly. BROWN calmly seats himself L. of table*)

BROWN. (*As he writes check calmly*) I am going to teach you a lesson, George.

MACFARLAND. (*Quickly*) And I'm going to teach you one. (*As he blots check by noisily pounding blotter with fist*) —Don't you want to make it twenty thousand instead of ten?

BROWN. (*As he blots his check carefully*) For your sake, no!

MACFARLAND. Never mind me. I can spare it.

BROWN. Very well, then.

MACFARLAND. (*Eagerly*) You'll take it?

BROWN. No, but a friend of mine will.

MACFARLAND. (*Rapidly*) Who? Get him. Quick. Who is he?

BROWN. Arthur Sole.

MACFARLAND. Shoeman?

BROWN. Detective.

MACFARLAND. Burns or Pinkerton?

BROWN. Neither. He has a company of his own.

MACFARLAND. Great!

BROWN. (*Rising*) I shall ask him to come right over.

MACFARLAND. Do! The sooner he comes, the sooner I can get started on my little twelve month marathon.

BROWN. (*As he crosses to 'phone table*) It won't be twelve months.

MACFARLAND. It won't, eh?

BROWN. (*As he picks up 'phone*) No. It'll be about twenty-four hours.

MACFARLAND. (*Defiantly, as he takes fresh cigar from box c.*) Will it! (*During the following, he lights cigar and smokes it*)

BROWN. (*In 'phone*) Plaza 9087—Yes—(*Imitation*) 9087—if you please—Hello—9087 Plaza?—Mr. Sole, please—Arthur? This is Thornt. A friend of mine has a foolish notion lodging in one of his brain cells, Art, and I want you to help me get it out—Come over and I'll explain—George MacFarland's suite at Sherry's—Good-bye. (*To MACFARLAND as he hangs up receiver*) He will be right over.

MACFARLAND. (*Taking out fountain pen again*) All right! I'll have that ten thousand waiting for him, believe me—(*Pause, opens check-book and prepares to write second check. BROWN, meanwhile,*

has placed 'phone on table, and during following, crosses to fireplace)

BROWN. George, you have convinced me of one thing.

MACFARLAND. I'm glad of that. What is it?

BROWN. Either you need medical attention or you are in love.

MACFARLAND. I never felt better in my life and there isn't a woman in New York I would look at.

BROWN. (*Lighting a cigarette*) You talk as if you were immune.

MACFARLAND. No—No man's immune to falling in love, but the woman who annexes my name must have brains.

BROWN. You mean a college degree?

MACFARLAND. I mean brains—Sometimes you find them with a college degree. (*Abandoning his aggressiveness and assuming a confidential, though still emphatic air. Sits R. of table*) What I admire in a woman, Thornt—and what my wife must have—is the ability to think for herself—she's got to have that little something we call *life*—vivacity, alertness—you know. Not this giddiness you see on the beaches, or the tee-hee ha-ha of the debutante. It has got to be the real article. *L-i-f-e* and *B-r-a-i-n-s*.

BROWN. You wouldn't know her if you saw her.

MACFARLAND. Not at first sight, maybe, but I would soon find her out. I have the reputation of being a pretty clever man, even if I am called a rich idler. But, believe me, Xantippe! when I pit myself against the future Mrs. MacFarland, she is going to make me feel about as insignificant as a mosquito on the brow of the Goddess of Liberty. If she doesn't, she won't be Mrs. MacFarland, that's all.

BROWN. And if she does—

MACFARLAND. She will be Mrs. MacFarland in spite of high-tide or hell.

(Door-bell rings in a peculiar way.)

BROWN. *(Rising)* There's Sole now.

MACFARLAND. *(As WILLIAM enters from door L.)* How can you tell?

BROWN. *(As WILLIAM goes to rear door)* The way he rings. *(WILLIAM opens door at rear and stands. Enter ARTHUR SOLE. SOLE is a detective—tall, slender, stern face, quiet manners. Forty-five. BROWN salutes him familiarly. WILLIAM closes door behind SOLE)* Arthur, I want you to meet my friend, MacFarland.

SOLE. *(Deliberately, to MACFARLAND as they shake hands)* Are you the gentleman who has the notion lodged under your brain cell?

BROWN. *(As MACFARLAND offers SOLE cigar-box)* Yes, he thinks that every officer of the law in the United States is a jelly-fish.

MACFARLAND. *(To BROWN)* I didn't say jelly-fish—I said a soft-shell crab. *(To SOLE)* Have a cigar. *(To BROWN, as SOLE takes cigar)* See, they take anything.

SOLE. *(Pleasantly, to MACFARLAND, as he trims cigar)* So you think every officer is a soft-shell crab?

MACFARLAND. Yes, and I'm willing to prove it. *(He shows SOLE second check)*

SOLE. What is the game?

MACFARLAND. I say I can commit a crime and escape arrest one year.

SOLE. Without leaving the United States?

MACFARLAND. *(Business-like)* Yes—here's my proposition: I will commit a crime. That makes me a criminal. I will avoid arrest. That makes me a fugitive from justice. You advertise me in the Rogues' Gallery as you would advertise any other criminal—offer a reward for my capture, do anything you please. And yet I shall escape arrest one

year. If I don't, you two win. If I do, you two lose. Have I made myself clear?

SOLE. (*Nodding*) Yes, but I am too much of a sportsman to take money from the blind.

MACFARLAND. I beg your pardon!

SOLE. A true sportsman never bets on a sure thing.

MACFARLAND. (*Quickly and somewhat heatedly*) So you think I'm a sure loser, eh?

SOLE. (*Laying his hand friendly on MACFARLAND's shoulder*) My friend, just to prove to you that I have abiding confidence in the strong arm of the law, I will bet you—What's your bet?

MACFARLAND. Ten thousand dollars.

SOLE. I'll bet you twenty thousand dollars even money, that if *my* detectives *don't* get you, a policeman, a town marshal, a sheriff or a deputy sheriff will get you.

MACFARLAND. The quickest way to prove that is to put up your twenty thousand. (*Sits himself quickly at L. end of table and jerking out check-book and pen, begins to write check*)

(SOLE, *shaking his head sympathetically, smiles at MACFARLAND and sits R. end of table. As SOLE sits, MACFARLAND rises and goes to lower L., thoughtfully. BROWN is at lower L.*)

BROWN. (*To MACFARLAND, with formal air, as SOLE prepares to write check*) What crime are you going to commit?

MACFARLAND. (*Solicitously, as he approaches SOLE*) Mr. Sole, for what crime have fewest men been shot?

SOLE. (*As he writes*) Forgery.

MACFARLAND. Thanks. (*To BROWN, with formal air*) Gentlemen, the crime will be forgery.

BROWN. (*Dryly*) Have you ever done it before?

MACFARLAND. No, but I know how.

BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE

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BROWN. What are you going to forge?

MACFARLAND. A check.

BROWN. On whom?

MACFARLAND. On you.

BROWN. (*Bowled over with surprise*) Eh?

MACFARLAND. Only a hundred. The City National Bank. You deposit there, don't you?

BROWN. Yes, but—

MACFARLAND. Good! I'll make the check out to myself—George E.—(*To SOLE, who is now listening*) What is a good alias?

SOLE. MacGinniss.

MACFARLAND. That's it! George E. MacGinniss—Irish patriot. (*To BROWN. SOLE sits and writes*) I'll make the check for one hundred dollars payable to George E. MacGinniss and sign your name to it. Then Sole will cash it for me, right here. Tomorrow morning he'll take it to the City National; the Cashier there will compare the signature on the check with your signature already registered at the bank; will declare it a forgery, and an hour later detectives and officers will be scouring the city for George E. MacGinniss—*me*. Meanwhile, MacGinniss,—*I*—will have begun his little twelve-month joy-hike. And the big chase will be on. Do you get me?

SOLE. Yes, I get you now and I *will* get you later.

MACFARLAND. (*Sits at up-side of table, then to BROWN*) Give me your check-book.

(*BROWN does so and goes back of table.*)

SOLE. (*To BROWN, as he begins to write check*) Are you to be our stake-holder?

BROWN. I suppose so.

(*SOLE hands him his check.*)

MACFARLAND. (*To SOLE, as BROWN picks up MACFARLAND'S last check*) And you're to be our stake-holder—Thornt's and mine.

SOLE. All right.

(*BROWN hands him his check and MACFARLAND hands him his first check. As BROWN and SOLE place checks in wallets, MACFARLAND resumes his forgery.*)

MACFARLAND. (*To BROWN, as he takes BROWN'S check from him as model to forge BROWN'S name by*) You swear this is your signature?

BROWN. I do. (*Puts up wrong hand to swear by, then changes*)

MACFARLAND. (*As he writes the check, copying BROWN'S writing closely*) Gentlemen, the coming year promises to be pleasantly exciting. Something doing every minute—new scenery, new faces, new experiences. It certainly should be an eventful year.

SOLE. (*Satirically*) It will be.

MACFARLAND. For you two gentlemen it will be an expensive year.

BROWN. (*To SOLE*) He really thinks he's going to win.

SOLE. (*Winking at BROWN*) Watch him!

MACFARLAND. (*Handing the forged check to SOLE*) Gentlemen, there's the crime! Forgery with intent to defraud.

SOLE. (*Gives MACFARLAND one hundred dollar bill*) And there's your hundred. (*As he takes the check, examining it, MACFARLAND rises*) A very neat job.

MACFARLAND. (*Glancing at the check, which BROWN is also glancing at*) You never saw a neater job in your life, did you?

SOLE. Don't know that I ever did.

MACFARLAND. See!

SOLE. That is, for an amateur. (*As he places forged check in pocket-book, to MACFARLAND*) How tall are you?

MACFARLAND. Six foot half inch.

SOLE. Who says so?

MACFARLAND. My tailor.

SOLE. (*As he takes small silver-plated tape-measure from vest pocket*) I am afraid your tailor flatters you. (*He measures MACFARLAND, deftly, with tape—then*) I thought so.

MACFARLAND. How much?

SOLE. Six feet even. (*To BROWN, as he hands him a note book*) Make a note of that. Under MacGinniss. Be careful. Accuracy is the secret of my success. (*During the following, BROWN seated at desk R. registers SOLE's statements of measurements, observations, etc., concerning MACFARLAND, in note-book which SOLE takes from inside coat pocket and gives to him. To MACFARLAND*) What is your specific gravity?

MACFARLAND. (*Puzzled*) My what?

SOLE. How much do you weigh?

MACFARLAND. One forty-eight.

SOLE. Stripped?

MACFARLAND. Dressed.

SOLE. (*Smiling to BROWN*) Weight, one hundred forty-eight gross. (*To MACFARLAND, as he measures his head*) How old are you?

MACFARLAND. Twenty-eight.

SOLE. Open your mouth. (*MACFARLAND does so. SOLE looks at front teeth much as a horse trader looks at horses' teeth. Then, to BROWN*) Age, twenty-eight years, three months, sixteen days. (*Examining tape*) Girth of head, twenty-two inches.

BROWN. To-day?

MACFARLAND. It will be larger when I collect that thirty thousand dollars.

(SOLE places tape in vest pocket, then takes out a nickel-plated pocket-size incandescent flash-lantern.)

SOLE. (To MACFARLAND) Open your mouth again. (MACFARLAND does so. SOLE examines it with lantern) Teeth—second molar, upper left, missing. Third molar gold filled. Otherwise, teeth sound and well swept. (He takes magnifying lens from vest pocket, wipes it with handkerchief, tests it on hand, then, opening MACFARLAND's mouth again, examines the teeth closely, with lens and lantern) He washes his teeth with Hydrogen Peroxide and smokes straight Havanas.

MACFARLAND. How did you guess?

SOLE. You just gave me one. (Replacing lens in pocket, he holds the lantern close to MACFARLAND's right eye) Eyes—shape, round—size—(He takes a small pair of silver plated calipers from another vest pocket, adjusts them, then places them carefully upon right eye of MACFARLAND) Size of eyes—right eye, diameter five-eighths; left eye, six-eighths.

MACFARLAND. Odd sizes.

SOLE. Color—both eyes, baby-blue. Nose—

MACFARLAND. Don't miss that.

SOLE. Length—(Measuring with calipers, tip to base) Total—tip to base, two and three-fourths.

MACFARLAND. Feet or inches?

SOLE. Make that inches. Width of nose—base, one and two-tenths inch; bridge, one—butt, one and one-half.

BROWN. How much the butt?

SOLE. One and one-half. Shape—a cross between a John D. Rockefeller and a Gibson girl—(MACFARLAND pats his nose fondly) Hair—color, brown. Texture, fine to medium. Parts it on the left side.

MACFARLAND. Marvelous.

SOLE. (*Examining scalp with lens and lantern*)
Uses Ed. Pinaud's Florida Water, and tortoise-shell
comb. (*To MACFARLAND, as he replaces lens in vest
pocket*) May I see one of your photographs?

MACFARLAND. Certainly. (*As he goes to door*)
You didn't get my temperature.

SOLE. I will when you pay that thirty thousand
dollars. (*Exit MACFARLAND L. 3. Quietly, to
BROWN*) Has he a steady girl?

BROWN. He hasn't any.

SOLE. (*Frowning*) That's going to make him a
hard man to catch.

BROWN. Why?

SOLE. It puts the kibosh on the old reliable love-
letter post-office trap. (*He scratches his head wor-
riedly*) Has he a favorite expression?

BROWN. Yes.

SOLE. Biblical or slang?

BROWN. Slang.

SOLE. What is it?

BROWN. Believe me, Xantippe!

SOLE. Believe me, Xantippe?

BROWN. Yes.

SOLE. (*Who has been keeping an alert ear and
eye on the L. door*) Sh! Make a note of it!
Great!

(*Re-enter MACFARLAND with an arm-load of photo-
graphs.*)

MACFARLAND. (*As he dumps photos on table*)
From the cradle to the club. Take your choice.

SOLE. (*As he examines photos quickly, compar-
ing them with MACFARLAND and selecting one*)
I think I'll take this one.

MACFARLAND. Anything else?

SOLE. (*Putting photo in pocket*) I believe not—
except perhaps a word of advice. (*Pauses*)

MACFARLAND. What is it?

SOLE. When you are arrested——

MACFARLAND. What?

SOLE. I say—when you are arrested, wire me. If you don't, you are liable to wind up in the penitentiary.

MACFARLAND. (*Quickly*) What's that?

SOLE. I say, wire me or you are liable to wind up in the penitentiary.

MACFARLAND. How? Why?

SOLE. Because you are a criminal.

MACFARLAND. Not really one.

SOLE. Yes, really one. I just cashed your forged check.

MACFARLAND. But you and Thornt know that——

SOLE. Exactly! Thornt and I know, but no one else knows it and if you should ever try to explain it to a jury, the chances are you would get a life sentence in the insane asylum instead of ten years in Sing Sing.

MACFARLAND. (*Stroking his face musingly, and smiling*) This is beginning to look like the real thing.

SOLE. It will be the real thing if you don't wire me the minute you are arrested. Now, if you do wire, Thornt and I will fix it up with the proper authorities and keep you out of the penitentiary.

MACFARLAND. That's very sweet of you and Thornt, but I won't wire.

BROWN. (*Astonished*) Why?

MACFARLAND. Simply because I'm not going to be arrested.

SOLE. (*With an air of one dismissing the whole subject*) Of course, if that is the way you feel about it——

MACFARLAND. That is the way I feel about it—Oh, before it slips my mind! One point!

SOLE. What is it?

MACFARLAND. It's distinctly understood, isn't it, that there's to be absolutely no shooting in this little experiment?

SOLE. There won't be any unless you start it.

MACFARLAND. Thanks. I won't start it.

SOLE. (*Glancing at watch*) Now you will have until nine o'clock to-morrow morning to make your getaway.

MACFARLAND. I can do it easily.

SOLE. This is October 5th. After nine o'clock to-morrow morning you'll be a fugitive from justice until nine A. M. October 6th, next year.

MACFARLAND. Good! Shall I send for your hats?

BROWN. (*Smiling*) We're in no hurry.

MACFARLAND. I am. William!

SOLE. (*To MACFARLAND*) Just a moment.

MACFARLAND. (*To WILLIAM, who has entered rear 1*) Just a moment.

WILLIAM. Yes, sir. (*Exit rear 1*)

SOLE. (*Confidentially to MACFARLAND, BROWN listening close by*) If the facts of this foolish little experiment were to get out, it might cast some discredit on my profession. In fact, it would probably injure my business. Therefore, I am going to ask you to promise me that under all circumstances and at all times you will treat the matter with utmost secrecy. Will you promise?

MACFARLAND. Yes, but upon one condition.

SOLE. What?

MACFARLAND. That you and Brown don't ride in any aeroplanes or try to swim the East River.

SOLE. What do you mean?

MACFARLAND. The way things are hooked up now, if anything should happen to you and Brown, I would land in the penitentiary. So, for heaven's sake, be good little mothers to yourselves, and look both ways before crossing a street. Promise?

(MACFARLAND and SOLE shake hands.)

SOLE. (To MACFARLAND) All right. Now bring on the hats.

MACFARLAND. William! (Enter WILLIAM)
Fetch the gentlemen their hats.

WILLIAM. Yes, sir. (Exits)

SOLE. Oh, by the way, McGinniss—

MACFARLAND. Eh?

SOLE. During your travels, you might drop us a line from to time.

MACFARLAND. A picture postal, I suppose.

SOLE. Yes—something like that—just a little remembrance, you know.

(Re-enter WILLIAM with hats.)

MACFARLAND. With my address on it? That would be very nice for you. Do I look like little Eva after a hard season?

SOLE. (Taking his hat which WILLIAM offers to him) The chances are you will the next time I see you.

MACFARLAND. (To SOLE, as BROWN takes hat from WILLIAM) Next time you see me, I'll be writing a receipt for those thirty thousand dollar checks.

BROWN. (As three of them go towards rear door where WILLIAM stands) Not in a thousand years!

MACFARLAND. Just one year from to-day.

SOLE. (To MACFARLAND, pleasantly, as WILLIAM opens rear door) Pleasant journey, Raffles!

MACFARLAND. Thank you, Mr. Holmes.

BROWN. (As SOLE exits, to MACFARLAND) And many of them, Desperate Desmond!

MACFARLAND. Thank you, Dr. Watson. (Exit

BROWN. MACFARLAND goes quickly to desk R.)
William.

WILLIAM. Yes, sir.

MACFARLAND. Shut the door. (*Sits at desk and writes rapidly*) I am leaving town to-morrow.

WILLIAM. Yes, sir.

MACFARLAND. I shall be gone a year.

WILLIAM. Yes, sir.

MACFARLAND. If anyone inquires for me, tell them that I am—that I am traveling.

WILLIAM. Yes, sir. Where, sir?

MACFARLAND. None of your business, William, or theirs, either.

WILLIAM. Yes, sir. Is that all, sir?

MACFARLAND. No, fetch me the latest time-table of every railroad in the United States.

WILLIAM. Yes, sir. When, sir?

MACFARLAND. Now—right now. Hurry. If you can't do it alone, get an expressman to help you.

WILLIAM. (*Hastening to rear D.*) Yes, sir.

(*Door bell rings.*)

MACFARLAND. See who it is.

WILLIAM. Yes, sir. (*Exits rear D. Returning*) Mr. Brown and Mr. Sole returning, sir.

MACFARLAND. (*Surprised*) That's strange. Show them in. (*Exit WILLIAM rear I. MACFARLAND rises, glances at watch, then relights cigar*)

(*Re-enter SOLE, followed by BROWN, rear D. They carry their hats.*)

SOLE. (*Coming down L. and exhibiting photo taken from coat pocket*) The more I think of this photograph, the less I think of it.

MACFARLAND. (*Now at R. end of table. SOLE at up-side. BROWN at L. end*) What's wrong with it?

SOLE. Everything. I think I'd better take one myself. (*Tosses photo on table*)

MACFARLAND. Have you a camera with you?

SOLE. I always have one with me.

MACFARLAND. (*As SOLE takes small kodak from pocket*) You'll bring a rabbit out of yourself in a minute.

SOLE. Please put on a coat.

MACFARLAND. Certainly. (*Starts up towards L. 3*)

SOLE. And a vest.

MACFARLAND. Yes. I have my trousers on. (*Goes off. BROWN and SOLE start to whisper. MACFARLAND re-entering*) Black or white?

SOLE. To match your coat.

MACFARLAND. Of course, certainly—to match my coat. (*Exit L. 3*)

BROWN. (*BROWN glances slyly L. 3, then steps close to SOLE, who is adjusting kodak lens*) I've got an idea. Let's play a little joke on him. We'll lock the doors and keep him here till morning.

(*SOLE glances cautiously at L. 3.*)

SOLE. (*Sotto voce, to BROWN*) I've got a better scheme than that.

(*BROWN glances L. 3.*)

BROWN. (*Curious, and anxious, in whisper*) What is it?

(*SOLE and BROWN now stand at up-side of table with their backs to L. 3. They are close together. SOLE glances at L. 3. BROWN glances there, then SOLE begins to speak.*)

SOLE. (*To BROWN, sotto voce*) I'll have my

men watch this house all night. When MacFarland—MacGinniss—comes out of the house, my men will shadow him until the clock strikes nine, then they'll nab our foxy friend before he starts.

BROWN. Great!

SOLE. Sh! (*He glances at L. 3, then*) Waiting!

MACFARLAND. (*Off L.*) All right, coming!
(*Enters L. 3, in act of putting on coat*)

SOLE. (*As MACFARLAND comes down, buttoning up vest*) May I use this tray for my flash-light?

MACFARLAND. Certainly.

SOLE. (*As he places flash-light cartridge, taken from pocket, on tray, to BROWN*) Get ready to turn out the lights.

MACFARLAND. (*To SOLE, as he fingers SOLE's hat, on L. end of table, as BROWN goes up c.*) Shall I wear a hat?

SOLE. No.

MACFARLAND. (*Picking up hat from table*) Nice hat. Where'd you get it?

SOLE. At the hat store.

MACFARLAND. Very well. Just as you say.
(*Holds SOLE's hat behind him*)

SOLE. (*Finding MACFARLAND in lens*) Chin up, please. Head erect. That's it.

MACFARLAND. Is this for the Rogues' Gallery?

SOLE. (*Satirically*) Yes. Just look natural.
(*To BROWN, now near rear d.*) All right. Turn them out. (*BROWN turns off lights, leaving the room in absolute darkness. Exit MACFARLAND, quickly but quietly L. 3. Closes door softly. SOLE touches end of flash-light fuse with lighted cigar. Explosion, flash—then*) Turn on the lights.

BROWN. (*Obeying*) All right.

SOLE. (*Still looking into the finding lens of camera*) That's all, thanks.

(*Dramatic pause.*)

BROWN. (*Surprised*) Where is he?

(SOLE glances at where MACFARLAND was. then smiles.)

SOLE. (*Dryly, as he shoves kodak into pocket*) He's playing a joke on us. (*Glancing at L. 3*) Come out of that bedroom, MacGinniss. (*Pause. SOLE starts toward L. 3. Indicating rear D. To BROWN*) Stand at that door while I shoo him out from under the bed.

(BROWN skips to rear door. Exit SOLE L. 3, laughing. Pause. BROWN stands with back to door, rear, eyes riveted on L. 3.)

BROWN. Find him? (*Pause*) Find him, Art? (*Pause*) Hey! (SOLE appears in L. 3 doorway) Find him?

SOLE. (*Entering, much perplexed*) No

BROWN. (*Anxiously, as SOLE inspects windows, rear L.*) Where is he?

SOLE. (*Impetuously*) How do I know?

BROWN. (*Somewhat hotly*) You ought to know; you're a detective. (*Loudly, hands to mouth like a megaphone*) William! William! William!

SOLE. Now don't get excited.

BROWN. I'm not excited. (*Telephone rings. BROWN jumps straight up, as if shot, then dashes to 'phone, seizes it and places receiver to ear. Excitedly, in 'phone*) Hello!—Yes—Yes—(*Dumb-founded*) Say, where in thunder are you?—Hello, hello, hello, hello!

SOLE. (*Matter-of-fact, as he comes down L.*) Who is it?

BROWN. (*To SOLE*) G-e-o-r-g-e!

SOLE. (*Surprised*) What?

BROWN. George! MacFarland! MacGinniss!

SOLE. (*Quickly and eagerly*) Where is he?

BROWN. Where are you?

SOLE. Well—well—well! Where?—

BROWN. He says—find out!

SOLE. You bet I'll find out. (*Trying to find hat.*

BROWN *jams receiver in hook and bangs 'phone on desk*) Do you know what that *son-of-a-gun* did?

BROWN. What?

SOLE. He stole my hat!!

(*They are dashing out of room, rear door, as curtain falls.*)

Curtain

ACT II

SCENE: *The interior of a small deserted cabin in the Rocky Mountains. Two entrances—Rear C., a door leading outdoors. L. 3, a door leading to another room. To L. of rear D., a window covered with boards. In upper R. corner of room, an old hand-made cupboard with door on hinges. Old stone fireplace, R. 2. Heavy, home-made table, lower center. Home-made chairs to R. and L. of table. Box for wash-stand, near window. On box, a tin wash-basin and water bucket. Dipper in bucket but not much water. Against L. wall, and below L. D., a rustic bedstead, made of saplings nailed together. It has rope springs and is covered with pine boughs. Upon the lower end of bedstead, a canvas covered camp-bed, rolled up and tied with rope. It is the regulation cowpuncher's bed—but rather narrow, same width as the bedstead.*

TIME: *Late afternoon, September 30th, of the next year.*

Rear D. C. is open revealing a landscape of oak brush, aspen and pine covered mountains in all the splendor of an autumnal sunset.

AT RISE: *Pause. BUCK KAMMAN enters rear D. C. KAMMAN is a big, bronze-skinned man of fifty. Sandy moustache. Wears corduroy clothes, riding boots and a large Stetson "sheriff's" hat. Wears leather holster and belt under coat. He goes to the table, examining the cylinder of his Colts. He glances at his watch.*

KAMMAN. (*Glancing L. 3*) Dolly!

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DOLLY. (*Off L. 3*) Yes?

KAMMAN. Pack up your duds.

DOLLY. (*In doorway L. c*) What for? (*She is a pretty, vivacious girl of nineteen, clad in a neat buckskin skirt and leggins and a blue flannel shirt*)

KAMMAN. We are going home.

DOLLY. (*Coming to him*) Not yet, pa.

KAMMAN. Right now.

DOLLY. (*Shaking her head prettily*) Wait until I get a deer.

KAMMAN. A sheriff is a sheriff, Dolly.

DOLLY. I know it, pa, but—

KAMMAN. The Fall Term of the District Court begins to-morrow. We must get home to-night.

DOLLY. I am going to stay until I get a deer. (*She turns from him*)

KAMMAN. Now look here, Dolly, you are not going to stay up here alone.

DOLLY. (*Facing him*) Why not?

KAMMAN. It isn't safe.

DOLLY. What's there to be afraid of? Bears, cowboys, and hunters. I can shoot the bears, feed the cowboys and—(*She takes his hand in hers*) There's nothing to be afraid of, pa.

KAMMAN. I tell you, Dolly, you never can tell what is going to turn up in these mountains—especially in the hunting season.

DOLLY. That's exactly why I want to stay. Maybe I'll get a bear.

KAMMAN. If there's any bears to be shot in the Kamman family, I'll shoot them. Come on.

DOLLY. Please let me stay, pa.

KAMMAN. It isn't safe.

DOLLY. It's perfectly safe and you know it. There is absolutely no danger. And even if there was, haven't I a brand-new rifle? Don't I know how to ride?

KAMMAN. I won't argue with you. We're going

home. Come on. (*Going to camp-bed*) I'll pack your bed for you.

DOLLY. (*Going to him*) Why can't we stay just one more day?

KAMMAN. I tell you a sheriff is a sheriff. He is hired to hunt men, not deer. (*Standing bed on end*) For all we know, I may be wanted at the other end of the county this very minute, so pack up your duds. (*Shoulders the bed*)

DOLLY. (*Calmly, as KAMMAN starts towards door with bed*) No use of your taking that bed out. (*KAMMAN faces her*) I am going to stay even if I have to sleep on the floor.

KAMMAN. (*Severely*) Dolly! (*She does not reply. He drops bed and goes to her*)—Now, look here, Dolly!

DOLLY. Pa, I am going to get a deer and that is all there is to it. (*Crosses R.*)

KAMMAN. You can get one later on.

DOLLY. The season closes to-morrow night. (*Turns her back on him*)

KAMMAN. (*Significantly, over her shoulder*) I know the game-warden.

DOLLY. (*Facing him*) But I want to get a deer in the open season. I want to be able to haul him down Main Street on my pack horse. And when his head is mounted and up in my room I want to be able to point to it with a clear conscience and say— (*Extending her hands and pleading with a smile*) Don't take me home, pa. Please don't. (*KAMMAN frowns. DOLLY infers that he is weakening*) It may be the last deer hunt I will ever take.

KAMMAN. (*Gruffly*) I reckon not.

DOLLY. You can't tell, pa. When Aunt Martha sends me off to that girl's school in New England— (*Turning from him*) You never can tell what is going to happen to a girl after you send her away to

college. (*Glancing over her shoulder at him*) I might get married. (*KAMMAN is scratching his chin. DOLLY faces him*) Don't take me home. (*DOLLY takes his hand in her own*) Can't I stay just one more day? Please. I want to. Can't I? (*She looks up into his face smiling*) Can't I? There isn't any danger. You know that. Can't I stay?

KAMMAN. (*Completely out-generated*) Yes, hang it all, stay a week if you want to. (*He starts up abruptly*)

DOLLY. Goody.

KAMMAN. (*Severely, facing her, rear c.*) But mind you, see that your Molly mare is well hobbled and your guns loaded.

(*DOLLY skips to L. 3.*)

DOLLY. (*At L. 3*) Wait a minute. I will go a piece with you. (*Exit DOLLY L. 3*)

(*KAMMAN stands in doorway, rear c., a moment looking out. The purple hue of night is enveloping the mountains. Presently he goes to the cupboard.*)

KAMMAN. Got enough grub?

DOLLY. (*Off L. 3*) Tons of it.

KAMMAN. (*Opening cupboard door*) Got enough candles?

DOLLY. (*Off*) Yes.

KAMMAN. (*Coming down with candle, which is in wooden block*) I will put one here on the table for you.

DOLLY. (*Re-entering*) All right. (*She wears a dark leather jacket, riding hat and is putting on buckskin gauntlets*)

KAMMAN. Better light it, I guess. (*Starts to strike match on trouser leg*)

DOLLY. (*Coming down to him*) I will light it when I get back.

KAMMAN. Guess that would be better. (*Blows out match. Dolly starts toward rear door*) Just a minute, Dolly.

DOLLY. (*Coming down to him*) What is it?

KAMMAN. (*Placing his hand on her shoulder*) Dolly, this is the first time there's ever been occasion for it, but—listen: when you're alone in these hills you're alone. Chances are, nobody's near to help you. So if anyone gets fresh with you, shoot. Chances are they won't get fresh. Most men are gentlemen. But if anyone does get fresh, shoot, and shoot to hit. Don't ask any questions. We'll attend to that at the inquest. Let me see your gun. (*She hands him her revolver. He examines it carefully*) All right. (*As he returns it to her*) Now, don't forget what I tell you. Shoot. And don't be slow about it.

DOLLY. (*Buttoning jacket*) I won't. (*Crosses R.*)

(*KAMMAN replaces camp-bed on foot of bed where he found it. Then—*)

KAMMAN. (*Going to DOLLY at table*) Now, I don't want to frighten you, Dolly, but some of the boys say Simp Calloway is in these parts again.

DOLLY. Who?

KAMMAN. Simp Calloway, a fellow who's wanted for shooting a sheep-herder in a poker game in this county and stealing a trottin' horse in Utah. If you see him, come right straight home and tell me. Understand?

DOLLY. What does Simp look like?

KAMMAN. He's a medium-sized, wiry cuss with black hair and a scar on his left cheek.

DOLLY. (*Eyes shut*) And he's fond of poker?

KAMMAN. Yes.

DOLLY. (*Opening eyes*) I have him.

KAMMAN. Now, mind what I tell you: Simp Calloway is wanted and he's wanted badly. I don't think there's one chance in a million that you will see him,—if I did, I wouldn't let you stay up here one minute,—but if you do see him, you ride straight home and tell me. Understand?

DOLLY. Yes.

KAMMAN. All right. Come on. (*He starts up, DOLLY following*) If you don't come home to-morrow, I'll send Wrenn out after you.

DOLLY. I will, tho. I will have a deer by to-morrow. (*They exit. DOLLY closing door rear c.*)

(*Room is now dark. Marked pause. A coyote howls off rear. Pause. Coyote howls again. Presently a man knocks at the door. He knocks again and after a pause, again. Then the door opens.*)

MACFARLAND. (*In doorway*) Anybody home? (*Tired polite*) Does anybody live here? (*He strikes a match and holds it above his head. It is* MACFARLAND, *alids* MACGINNISS. *He wears a badly torn hunter's uniform, heavy walking boots, a four days' growth of beard and a hunting belt containing Colts in holster on one side and a large knife in holster on the other. Between them are cartridges. He looks tired and hungry, and he walks that way. In his right hand he carries a big Winchester rifle, 38.70 calibre. He glances around the room until the match, burnt short, burns his fingers. Strikes another match, comes down to table and lights the candle. Returning to rear door, he closes it. Espying L. 3 ajar, he goes to it and raps*)

Anybody home? (*Takes drink from water bucket, then bangs dipper on wall. Loudly*) Anybody home? (*Then taking a small badger from coat pocket, he returns to table upon which he lays it. Taking watch from vest pocket, he glances at it, rubs his stomach and sighs. Replacing watch, he shakes his head, lays rifle on table and sinks, exhausted, into chair R. Drawing his Colts—an unusually large one—from his holster, he gazes at it*) You've blistered my hip enough for one day, you thirteen inch Krupps! (*Lays Colts on table. Taking pipe from coat pocket he frisks himself for tobacco. His disappointment upon discovering that it has been lost, is whimsically ludicrous. With a sigh of complete exhaustion, he removes hat, tosses it on Colts, picks up the badger, strokes it tenderly a few minutes, then*) Would to God I were feeding you peanuts in dear old Central Park! I'm hungry enough to eat you raw. (*He gazes meditatively at the animal several moments then, tossing it upon the table, rises and goes to the fireplace, lies flat on stomach in front of it and blows the ashes. When his blowing has reached vigorous proportions, DOLLY enters quietly rear I. Closing the door noiselessly, she smiles at the blowing stranger. MACFARLAND with a violent puff, unaware of DOLLY's presence*) Burn, damn you!

DOLLY. (*Shocked*) I beg your pardon.

(*MACFARLAND flops over on his back and, supporting himself on his hands, behind him, stares at her.*)

MACFARLAND. Wh—where did you come from?

DOLLY. (*At up end of table*) Where did you?

MACFARLAND. From the top of the mountain.

DOLLY. When?

MACFARLAND. (*Rising*) Early this morning.

DOLLY. Are you a hunter?

MACFARLAND. (*Smiling*) I am hunting.

DOLLY. Deer?

MACFARLAND. (*Bravely*) Bear.

DOLLY. Do you call that a bear?

MACFARLAND. That's a squirrel.

DOLLY. In Colorado we call that a badger.

MACFARLAND. In Central Park we call it a squirrel. (*She smiles at him as the veteran smiles at the tenderfoot*) Is your father in?

DOLLY. Father's out.

MACFARLAND. (*R. of table*) Is your mother in?

DOLLY. I have no mother.

MACFARLAND. (*Picking up his rifle*) Very well, then. (*Laying his hand on his hat*) I shall be going.

DOLLY. (*Frankly sincere*) You needn't mind.

MACFARLAND. (*Puzzled*) What?

DOLLY. I said, "Aren't you hungry?" (*He studies her face, then smiles. DOLLY severely*) If not, I guess you had better be moving on. (*She gazes at him sharply. For several moments they study one another. Presently MACFARLAND smiles boyishly*)

MACFARLAND. Let's cook the squirrel. (*DOLLY's eyes drop. She begins to pet the squirrel. They now stand at opposite sides of the table. He to R. and she to L. She gazes at the squirrel. He gazes at her. Presently he too begins to pet the squirrel. The silence grows embarrassing*) Nice "Squirrel," isn't it?

DOLLY. Nice and fat.

MACFARLAND. (*Proudly*) I killed it.

DOLLY. (*Glancing at him, reproachfully*) Couldn't you find anything else to kill?

MACFARLAND. It was the only thing that stood

still long enough. There are two things I can't do—ride a horse, and shoot straight. I am a nervous marksman.

DOLLY. (*Smiling at his greenness*) Did you ever see a deer? (*She glances at him*)

MACFARLAND. (*Petting the squirrel, but his eyes on DOLLY*) Not until this season.

DOLLY. (*Quickly*) Where was it?

MACFARLAND. Here.

DOLLY. Where? (*MACFARLAND glances at her, then L. 3, then at rear door c. He is noticeably embarrassed*) Where?

MACFARLAND. (*With ludicrous abruptness*) Shall I skin the squirrel?

DOLLY. (*Drolly*) Do you think you could?

MACFARLAND. (*Confidently*) Of course I can. I shot him. (*Whipping out hunting knife, he feels its edge deftly, picks up the badger, examines the badger awkwardly to find a place to begin to skin it. Finally, as if inspired*) Oh, yes, you have to singe it first. (*Goes to fireplace and holds badger over fire. Exit DOLLY L. 4. laughing to herself. Discovering, a few minutes later, that he is alone* MACFARLAND returns to table, spreads handkerchief and lays badger on it. Then, removing coat, and rolling up sleeves, he whets the knife a couple of times on the edge of the table and tries to cut the animal's limbs preparatory to skinning it. He never skinned anything before and his actions show it. In his effort to get the skin started, he pulls off the animal's tail, stretches its body twice its normal length and cuts his fingers. Finally, in a supreme effort to start the skin by sheer force, he jerks it so violently that the head of the animal slips from his grasp, causing the whole thing to hit him. Exasperated, he rushes to rear D., opens it, flings the badger out. He slams door and goes to basin and washes hands)

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(*Re-enter DOLLY, she is again in her blue waist.*)

DOLLY. (*As she rolls up her sleeves*) Did you slam the door?

MACFARLAND. I closed it.

DOLLY. (*Approaching him*) Where is it?

MACFARLAND. The squirrel?

DOLLY. Yes.

MACFARLAND. We will have him for breakfast.

(*DOLLY looks at him puzzled.*)

DOLLY. What?

MACFARLAND. He begged to be allowed to see the sun rise once again.

DOLLY. (*Still puzzled*) Did you throw that badger away?

MACFARLAND. I deposited him gently upon the landscape.

DOLLY. Are you almost thru with the wash basin?

MACFARLAND. (*Politely*) Just this minute. (*Facing her*) May I please have something to dry my hands on?

DOLLY. (*Going towards him*) The back of the door. (*MACFARLAND goes to door c., finds no towel. Then wipes his hands on door*) No! The other door.

MACFARLAND. (*Seeing towel on back of cupboard door*) Oh, this door. (*He dries hands. DOLLY picks up wash basin, and starts to door c.*) Let me empty that for you. (*Emptying it off rear d., he returns with it to stand, fills it with water and, as DOLLY approaches, he offers her the soap*)

DOLLY. (*Naively, as she accepts the soap*) Did you ever go to boarding school?

MACFARLAND. (*Drying his hands on gunny-sack*) Not exactly. Why?

DOLLY. (*Lathering her hands*) You are so polite.

MACFARLAND. Thank you.

DOLLY. (*Rinsing her hands*) You are from the city, aren't you?

MACFARLAND. (*Apprehensive, but trying to conceal it*) What city?

DOLLY. Denver.

MACFARLAND. (*Smiling, and relieved*) Hardly.

DOLLY. (*As she dries her hands on sack*) I know you are from some city.

MACFARLAND. How can you tell?

DOLLY. (*As MACFARLAND dries hands on other end of sack*) You are neither bashful nor fresh.

MACFARLAND. Thank you. (*DOLLY goes to cupboard, takes a tin basin therefrom, MACFARLAND watches her admiringly. Still drying his hands*)

DOLLY. (*Filling basin with water*) Were you ever in Boston?

MACFARLAND. Yes.

DOLLY. Often?

MACFARLAND. Not any oftener than absolutely necessary. Why?

DOLLY. (*Placing basin on table*) My Aunt Martha insists that I shall go there to college.

MACFARLAND. Don't you want to?

DOLLY. No, I want to go to New York City.

MACFARLAND. (*Going towards table*) I don't blame you. (*Idealistically*) Oh, I don't blame you!

(*DOLLY is now at R. side of table. MACFARLAND is at up side.*)

DOLLY. (*Idealistically, facing front*) New York must be the grandest city in the world! (*Pause. DOLLY seems to be dreaming. MACFARLAND seems to be dreaming too*)

MACFARLAND. (*Smiling idealistically*) It is. Believe me, Xantippe, it is!

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(DOLLY's jaw drops. Her expression of dreaminess instantly gives way to one of surprise. She gazes bewildered front a moment, then, turning abruptly to MACFARLAND, sizes him up at a glance, then:)

DOLLY. (*Tactfully*) Will you please put some twigs on the fire? (MACFARLAND is puzzled) It is turning colder.

MACFARLAND. Certainly. Where are they?

DOLLY. In the twig box. (*As he goes toward fireplace, DOLLY jerks out her Colts and covers him. Emphatically and quickly, but calmly. As MACFARLAND picks up piece of wood*) MacGinniss. (*MACFARLAND drops the wood, wheels about and faces her*) Throw up your hands! Drop that knife! (*He obeys*) Kick it over here! (*He obeys*) Empty your pockets! (*He obeys. A few rifle cartridges, match-case, pipe and toothbrush falling to the floor*) Take off your coat! (*He obeys. She goes to him*) Put it on the table! (*He obeys*) Pick up that rubbish! (*He drops on his knees and begins to slowly pick up the contents of his pockets*) Hurry! (*He hurries*) Put it on the mantelpiece. (*He obeys, walking sideways and keeping eyes riveted on DOLLY. Is afraid she will shoot. She indicates chair R. of table*) Sit down. If you move from that chair, I'll shoot you.

MACFARLAND. (*Swallowing with difficulty*) I—I won't bat an eye. (*DOLLY takes rifle and coat to L. 3, desposits them inside, goes up to cupboard, opens it and takes out a tin basin. MACFARLAND is afraid to look at her*) What are you doing—getting a rope to hang me with?

DOLLY. Potatoes.

MACFARLAND. Potatoes?

DOLLY. (*Putting potatoes from sack into pan*) I'm going to get supper and you're going to help

me. (*Puts potato-knife in pan and brings pan down to MACFARLAND*) Peel.

MACFARLAND. (*Mystified accepting the pan*) Who are you anyhow?

DOLLY. It doesn't matter who I am; your name is MacGinniss. You are wanted in New York City for forgery. Peel!

(MACFARLAND *picks up potato knife and a potato as if to peel it, then pauses and looks at DOLLY.*)

MACFARLAND. Why do you think I am the man?

DOLLY. Your picture has been in my father's Rogue's Gallery almost a year. A man of your height, build, and complexion, whose favorite expression is "BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE".

MACFARLAND. (*Disgusted with himself, dropping knife*) Damn!

DOLLY. You are the man. There is a reward of five thousand dollars for you, and I am going to get it—Peel!

MACFARLAND. (*Peeling slowly*) There must be some mistake.

DOLLY. There is not.

MACFARLAND. But——

DOLLY. Peel! (*Shoves gun almost into his face*)

MACFARLAND. Gladly. (*He peels very rapidly, whittling potato into strips*)

DOLLY. (*Examining coffee pot, which is on mantel*) Do you like coffee?

MACFARLAND. Not for dinner.

DOLLY. This is supper. (*Crosses to water bucket*)

MACFARLAND. Excuse me. (*He glances at her. Her back is to him, she is filling coffee pot from water bucket, L. C. rear. Slipping his hand beneath his hat, MACFARLAND draws Colts from beneath it and lays gun in his lap, behind the basin. MAC-*

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FARLAND *examines a potato curiously*) I beg your pardon, but is this potato spoiled? (DOLLY *glances at him*) It looks as if something was wrong with one of its eyes.

(DOLLY *goes to him, on L. side of table. He hands her potato with left hand.*)

DOLLY. (*Examining potato*) Nonsense! Nothing's the matter with—(*As she examines it, he produces gun from his lap, quietly resting the end of the barrel upon the edge of table*)

MACFARLAND. Now just who are you?

DOLLY. (*Pointedly*) Never mind—(*He raises gun, she sees it*) Oh!

(MACFARLAND *springs to his feet, basin of potatoes falling to the floor.*)

MACFARLAND. (*Covering her, he is so frightened that the gun shakes like a leaf*) Throw up your hands! (*He seizes gun with both hands to hold it steady*) Sit down! (DOLLY *obeys frightenedly. MACFARLAND takes her gun from its holster*) If you move from that chair—I'll shoot. (*Shoves her gun into his pocket, then kneels and picks up potatoes quickly, puts them in basin and hands basin to her*) Peel. (*She takes basin and begins peeling*) Now just who are you anyway?

DOLLY. (*Peeling nervously rapid*) They—they call me Dolly. (*Stops peeling*)

MACFARLAND. Dolly what? Peel, peel.

DOLLY. Dolly Kamman.

MACFARLAND. (*Suspiciously*) Is your father frightened, starts to rise, falls back in her chair, limply, her hands falling to her side, her head forward, the pan falling to the floor. MACFARLAND *ward, the pan falling to the floor. MACFARLAND*

frightened) What's the matter? (*Rushing around back to her side*) Miss Dolly! (*Chafing her hands vigorously*) Dolly! Good Lord, I've frightened the life out of her. (*A few moments elapse. She seems to have fainted completely*)

DOLLY. (*Faintly*) Water—Water. (MACFARLAND *rushes to water bucket. DOLLY raises her head, smiles wisely at MACFARLAND's back, then feigns stupor again. Rushing back to her with dipper of water, MACFARLAND holds it to her lips. She seems to be only semi-conscious. Sips a few sips then, sitting up, gazes about dazedly*)

MACFARLAND. What happened? Are you better?

DOLLY. (*Stupidly, gazing blankly straight ahead*) I—I want to go to bed. I want to go to bed. (*Growing somewhat hysterical. Don't overdo it*) Leave me! Leave me—I want to go to bed!

MACFARLAND. (*Somewhat surprised, to himself*) Oh, she wants to go to bed! (MACFARLAND *starts toward rear R. DOLLY smiles triumphantly. Exit MACFARLAND rear door. DOLLY is glancing cautiously at rear door, when—re-enter MACFARLAND. Just inside doorway*) I beg your pardon, Miss Kamman, but could you lend me a blanket for the night? (*She glances at him*) I can't start home until morning and it is growing colder all the time. (*Closes door*)

DOLLY. (*Indicating L. 3 E.*) You can sleep in there if you want to.

MACFARLAND. Where would you sleep?

DOLLY. (*Indicating camp-bed*) There.

MACFARLAND. (*After thinking it over a moment*) Thank you, but I do not believe that I can accept your hospitality. (*Opens door*)

DOLLY. Why not?

MACFARLAND. It wouldn't be very—discreet.

DOLLY. This is not New York City.

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MACFARLAND. That is why I hesitate.

DOLLY. (*Pause*) I don't understand you—I said you could sleep in that room. I'll sleep in this room.

(MACFARLAND closes door and starts down L.)

MACFARLAND. Yes, but suppose, just about the time I got well located for the night, your father should pop in.

DOLLY. Father won't pop in. He has gone to town to stay.

MACFARLAND. Well, a friend or a neighbor, then.

DOLLY. There isn't a friend or a neighbor within twenty miles of here.

MACFARLAND. Do you mean to tell me that you are going to be absolutely alone all night?

DOLLY. Yes.

MACFARLAND. Is that the truth?

DOLLY. Yes, unless—

MACFARLAND. Unless what?

DOLLY. Unless you—stay. (MACFARLAND gazes at her a moment, then goes abruptly L. 3. DOLLY watches him, puzzled, expectant, doubting. Arrived at L. 3 he stops, meditates) What are you going to do?

MACFARLAND. I am going to stay. (*He glances at her a moment, then goes abruptly rear D. and locks door. DOLLY at sound of the locking, clenches her hands. She is frightened but controls herself. DOLLY rises and steps to down end of table, gazing straight ahead, eyes half closed schemingly. MACFARLAND contemplates her a few moments, admiringly, puzzledly, puts key in pocket, then comes down to her pensively. Over her shoulder, gently,—he thinks she is absolutely straight but is going to be sure of it. He is a gentleman throughout the act*) Dolly—(*A trifle closer and smiling*) Dolly—(*He lays his hand gently on her shoulder, DOLLY looks*

at him quickly and with savage defiance like a little tigress at bay. MACFARLAND removes his hand from her shoulder. He is convinced that she is the girl he thought she was) I beg your pardon. I simply wanted to be sure you were the nice little girl I thought you were. You are. Good-night.

DOLLY. Good-night.

(MACFARLAND goes quickly to rear D., unlocks it, then goes to L. 3.)

MACFARLAND. (At L. 3) I shall put you on your honor not to run away.

DOLLY. Thank you.

MACFARLAND. Pleasant dreams. Nighty nighty. (Exit MACFARLAND L. 3, closing door)

(DOLLY glances at door, pauses a moment, then goes quickly to her camp-bed, unties the ropes and unrolls it. Turning back the down side lap of the bed cover, she thrusts her arm between the blankets and pulls out a small 22 Winchester repeating rifle, cocks it and lays it on the bed. She then crosses to table, picks up candle, places it on the mantelpiece, blows it out, and crosses to bed quietly.)

DOLLY. (Excitedly from the bed) Oh!—(Frightened) Oh!—(Hysterically) Mr. MacGinniss! Mr. Ginniss! Mr. Ginniss—

MACFARLAND. (Rushing in from L. 3) What's the matter? Snakes in your bed?

DOLLY. Get a match—quick! Quick! Quick!

MACFARLAND. Where are they? Where are they?

DOLLY. On the mantelpiece. Quick! Quick!

(In rushing to mantelpiece, MACFARLAND falls over a chair.)

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MACFARLAND. Hang it! (*Throws chair up-stage*)

DOLLY. Hurry!

(MACFARLAND *at mantelpiece, strikes match. In his haste, he strikes too hard. Match lights but breaks.*)

MACFARLAND. Confound it! (*He lights another match*)

DOLLY. Do hurry! Light the candle! (MACFARLAND *R. of table, lights the candle. He is so occupied with lighting it that he does not look at DOLLY until she speaks to him. The lighted candle reveals her standing beside the bed with the 22 rifle levelled at MACFARLAND. Politely*) Thank you very much.

MACFARLAND. (*Completely flabbergasted*) Well, I'll be—(*Holds flame in front of his heart. Smiling*) Shoot!

DOLLY. Sit down. (MACFARLAND *sits in chair, at R. of table*) Where is my gun?

MACFARLAND. In father's room. (*He rises and starts toward L. 3*)

DOLLY. Sit down!

MACFARLAND. I am going to get it for you.

DOLLY. Sit down!

MACFARLAND. (*After sitting in chair at L. of table*) I suppose you will take me to jail now.

DOLLY. Twenty-five miles in the dark, on horse back, with you? I guess not.

MACFARLAND. I never rode a horse in my life. What next?

DOLLY. Go to bed.

MACFARLAND. Gladly! (*Jumps up and starts rapidly toward L. 3*)

DOLLY. (*Emphatically, indicating camp-bed*) This bed.

MACFARLAND. (*Petulant, after halting. He is now near L. 3*) Say, you are disturbing my plans for the evening. (*Comes down L.*)

DOLLY. Hurry!

MACFARLAND. Just as you say. (*He begins to unbuckle belt—as if to undress*)

DOLLY. Roll in as you are. (*He glances at her. She raises gun to threatening level*)

MACFARLAND. (*Wincing at sight of gun*) All right, if you are going to get fussy about it. (*Opening the end of the bed, he squirms into it.*

DOLLY sits in chair L. of table, MACFARLAND resting on elbow, watching DOLLY. Pause, then—) Are you sure you know who I am?

DOLLY. Go to sleep.

MACFARLAND. Are you sure of it?

DOLLY. I tell you your picture has been in my father's Rogue's gallery for over eleven months. I have looked at it every day.

MACFARLAND. (*Surprised and pleased*) You have looked at my picture every day for eleven months?

DOLLY. Yes.

MACFARLAND. You must have taken a fancy to me from the start.

DOLLY. I look at all of them.

MACFARLAND. (*Squelched*) Oh! (*Turns over and faces wall. Feigns sleep. Presently, without looking at her*) Did you ever catch anyone before?

DOLLY. No one like you.

(MACFARLAND grows big eyed—with pride and wonderment. He sits up.)

MACFARLAND. (*Looking at her—smiling*) Just what do you mean "No one like you?"

DOLLY. (*Pointing gun at him, emphatically*) Go to sleep

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(MACFARLAND *drops as if shot, turns over quickly and faces wall. Comedy business, killing fly on wall, whistling to himself, etc., then—*)

MACFARLAND. (*Facing wall*) I won't go to sleep. You can make me go to bed but you can't make me go to sleep. (*Turns over on back, comedy business with feet, spreading them apart and bringing them together, gazing up at ceiling, indignant but helpless*) The idea! You, a little bit of a girl making a great big man like me go to bed with his clothes on. It isn't right! There's nothing in the Constitution that says a girl can put a man to bed simply because he looks like somebody else. I won't go to sleep. (*Sitting up*) I am going to sit right here and watch you all night.

DOLLY. Very well. You may.

(*Marked pause. MACFARLAND rivets his eyes on DOLLY'S face. DOLLY, indifferent to his gaze, assumes the youthful carefree expression of the early part of the act. Marked pause. MACFARLAND toys with bed cover, glances at DOLLY, other comedy business. Presently he levels his finger at her, arms length and threateningly.*)

MACFARLAND. (*With the subdued emotion of a terrible threat*) Dolly Kamman, if you don't get out of this room within the next ten seconds, I will kiss you. (*DOLLY remains perfectly calm, eyes fixed on him. He counts slowly*) One—two—three—four—five—I'm not afraid of your old gun—five—six—seven! (*Throws back bed covers*) eight—(*Sits on edge of bed*) eight—and a half—nine—(*Rises. DOLLY calmly cocks the rifle. MACFARLAND hesitates. DOLLY levels the rifle at him*)

DOLLY. (*Slowly*) One—(*MACFARLAND sits on*

edge of bed, his eyes on DOLLY) Two—(*He gets into bed*) Three—(*He covers himself with bed covers, pulls them up to chin*) Four—(*He covers his head with covers. DOLLY stands the rifle against the table*) Five—(*He squirms down*) Six—(*He humps himself like a snail*) Seven—(*The snail shifts position, its head now being down-stage*) Eight—(*His head protrudes beneath cover. He gasps for breath*) Nine—(*He grimaces with fear*)

MACFARLAND. (*Plaintively*) Don't shoot! For God's sake, don't shoot!

DOLLY. Then go to sleep.

MACFARLAND. Gladly! (*The head disappears. The snail flattens out*)

DOLLY. (*Pleasantly, as she picks up rifle*) Good-night, Mr. MacGinniss. Pleasant dreams to you.

(MACFARLAND waves his hand to her. Nothing but the hand can be seen. Rest of body is completely covered with bed cover. DOLLY goes to L. D. opens it, looks at the covered prisoner, then closes door, to make him think she has left the room. Slight pause, then MACFARLAND peeps slowly out from head of bed and, unconscious of DOLLY's presence, gradually pushes the bed covers off himself and crawls out of bed. As he starts toward table he espies DOLLY whose gun is leveled at him. Madly he scrambles back into bed and jerks the covers over his head. DOLLY exits L. 3, leaves rifle there and returns with her own revolver. She examines chambers to see that they are still loaded, then places gun in holster and, glancing frequently at the sleeping MACFARLAND throughout it all, replenishes the fire, puts on coffee pot, adds coffee from coffee can taken from cupboard and starts down to pick up the potatoes. As she is picking them up, her back

to rear D. the door opens slowly and noiselessly, revealing SIMP CALLOWAY. SIMP is a mean-looking desperado. Wears faded blue riding jumper and overalls, old leather schapps Mexican spurs or Mexican boots, and a large black Mountaineer's felt hat. Has a week's growth of beard. He glances about the room wearily, then scrutinizes DOLLY several moments. She is picking up potatoes and is unaware of his presence until he speaks.)

SIMP. (*With a slow drawl—standing inside doorway, hand on door*) Beg pardon, but—

(DOLLY glances at him, recognizes him and drops pan, startled.)

DOLLY. (*Startled*) Oh! (*Rises quickly. MAC-FARLAND sits up*)

SIMP. Didn't go to scare you.

DOLLY. (*Laughing nervously*) That's all right. You—you startled me, that's all. (*To MAC-FARLAND, emphatically*) Lie down! (*SIMP's hand goes to his gun. This is the first time he has seen MAC-FARLAND. MACFARLAND obeys, resting on his side and elbow and watching them during following: DOLLY hospitably to SIMP*) Come on in.

SIMP. N' thanks—jist dropped in to borrow a couple of matches.

DOLLY. Certainly. (*She goes up to the cupboard. Throughout the following, SIMP keeps his eyes on MACFARLAND and DOLLY and his hand on his hip, near his gun*)

SIMP. (*As DOLLY is getting matches at cupboard*) Is your husband sick?

DOLLY. (*Going to him with box of matches*) No.

SIMP. Hurt?

DOLLY. No, tired. (*She hands him matches*)

SIMP. (*Putting matches in jumper pocket with left hand*) How much for the matches?

DOLLY. Nothing. (*Sympathetically*) Aren't you hungry?

MACFARLAND. I am.

DOLLY. (*Looks at MACFARLAND*) Lie down.

SIMP. (*To DOLLY*) Do you live here? (*Lights cigarette, striking match on inside of left arm*)

DOLLY. No, sir. We are hunting.

SIMP. (*Grinning. He thinks them tenderfeet*) Easterners, eh?

DOLLY. Mr. MacGinniss is. (*Quickly and very pleasantly*) Won't you have just a cup of coffee with us? And some hot biscuits?—and some squirrel?

SIMP. (*Grinning, pleased at prospect*) Reckon I will. (*He comes in, closing door after him*)

DOLLY. Won't you sit down?

SIMP. (*Back against door*) N', thanks. (*He keeps furtive eye on L. 3*)

DOLLY. You had better let me take your hat, then.

SIMP. N', thanks.

DOLLY. (*Smiling*) Supper won't be ready for quite a while.

SIMP. N' hurry.

(*DOLLY goes to fire. SIMP watches her closely.*)

DOLLY. (*Looking into coffee pot*) You might as well be resting.

SIMP. N', thanks. (*Glancing L. 3*) You two alone?

DOLLY. (*Replenishing the fire*) Yes, sir. (*She goes down to table and picks up the basin of potatoes. As she goes up, smiling persuasively*) Won't you please sit down?

SIMP. (*Satisfied that it is safe*) Reckon I will.

(*As he goes towards table, SIMP glances at rear door significantly, and halts*) Fetch it to me.

DOLLY. (*Blankly*) What?

SIMP. (*Indicating chair*) The chair. I hurt my foot the other day.

DOLLY. (*Obligingly*) Certainly. (*She takes chair to him*)

SIMP. Thanks. (*Places it against door and sits. DOLLY goes to water bucket*) Been havin' any luck huntin'?

DOLLY. (*Drolly but significantly*) No, but I think I shall get a couple of bucks before the season closes.

SIMP. One apiece, eh?

DOLLY. (*Puzzled*) How do you mean?

SIMP. You and your husband.

DOLLY. Maybe. (*Pause*) Do you think I'll get them?

SIMP. No, I don't think you will.

DOLLY. (*Smiling*) We'll see. (*Approaches SIMP, bucket in hand*) You will have to excuse me a moment.

MACFARLAND. (*Jumping up*) Let me get the water!

(*Instantly SIMP is on his feet, hand near to gun, watches MACFARLAND.*)

DOLLY. (*To MACFARLAND*) Lie down! (*MACFARLAND obeys. To SIMP*) If you please. (*SIMP picks up chair with left hand. DOLLY opens the door and exits. SIMP watches her closely. MACFARLAND rises, SIMP closes door and places chair against it. MACFARLAND gets out of bed and stretches himself. DOLLY knocks on door. MACFARLAND sits on edge of bed, fearfully. DOLLY knocks on door. SIMP picks up the chair with left hand. DOLLY re-enters. As she looks at MACFARLAND he ducks back into*)

bed, and pulls covers up to his chin. DOLLY pleasantly to SIMP) You play poker, don't you?

SIMP. Why?

DOLLY. Mr. MacGinniss is a dreadfully poor player. I want you to teach him the fine points of the game. *(Setting the bucket on the chair. DOLLY skips to the cupboard and takes a deck of cards therefrom. As she returns to SIMP who has been watching her curiously)* They say you Westerners know more about cards than anyone in the world. *(Smiling as she hands him the pack)* You will teach him, won't you?

SIMP. *(With a contemptible drawl as if despising anyone who can not play poker)* Sure! *(Accepts the cards. DOLLY exits, bucket in hand. SIMP closes the door, places the chair against it, and puts cards in jumper pocket. MACFARLAND throws covers back and sits up the moment SIMP closes door. SIMP, sitting)* Where you from, Partner?

MACFARLAND. New—*(Catching self, suspects SIMP)* From the East.

SIMP. *(Taking sack of tobacco and cigarette papers from jumper pocket)* Must have some purty nice women folk back there.

MACFARLAND. Yes, but they aren't as fine as your Colorado girls. If they were, I would have married long ago.

SIMP. *(Surprised)* Ain't this woman your wife?

MACFARLAND. Not yet, but—*(Smiles hopefully, rises and crosses R.)*

SIMP. *(Rolling cigarette)* I see! *(Grinning as he crimps end of cigarette)* I see. *(As SIMP lights the cigarette, MACFARLAND now at R. of table, gazes at him puzzledly)*

MACFARLAND. What?

SIMP. *(Rising and pulling up schapps, and grin-*

ning) Then I guess she's just about as much mine as she is yourn.

MACFARLAND. (*Quickly*) What do you mean?

SIMP. (*Going towards him*) You know what I mean.

MACFARLAND. I do not.

SIMP. (*Now at L. side of table*) You brought her up here, but if you keep her you've got to prove yourself a better man than me.

MACFARLAND. (*At side of table*) What the devil are you driving at?

SIMP. (*Grinning*) Have you got a gun?

MACFARLAND. No.

SIMP. Then we'll play for her.

MACFARLAND. We will not!

SIMP. (*Mildly emphatic, but with an oily smile*) I say we will. Sit down.

MACFARLAND. I tell you—

SIMP. Sit down. (*Jerks out gun. MACFARLAND sits. Then oily*) I said we'd play for the girl. (*MACFARLAND rises, SIMP shoves gun at him*) Sit down! (*MACFARLAND obeys doggedly. SIMP tosses him the pack of cards*) Shuffle! (*Keeping his eyes constantly on MACFARLAND, SIMP goes to rear D. He picks up chair which has been against door, starts down towards table again*)

MACFARLAND. (*As SIMP comes down*) Now look here, this little girl is absolutely all right.

SIMP. I said shuffle. And I mean it, too. (*SIMP now at R. side of table, glares at MACFARLAND. MACFARLAND picks up cards, shuffles them. SIMP puts gun in holster. MACFARLAND puts cards in front of SIMP. SIMP cuts them. MACFARLAND picks them up and begins dealing them one at a time, alternately. As he is dealing them, the rear door opens quietly and DOLLY enters. Her revolver is leveled at SIMP. Neither he nor MACFARLAND see DOLLY*)

DOLLY. (*Calmly, from inside doorway*) Simp!
(SIMP *springs to his feet and grabs for his gun. Dramatically emphatic*) Don't touch it! Don't touch it! (SIMP's hands drop at his side) Throw up your hands.

(*With a powerful blow, SIMP sweeps the candle from the table, extinguishing it. The men scuffle, upsetting chairs and table.*)

MACFARLAND. (*As they scuffle*) Don't shoot, Dolly! Don't shoot!

(*The fight continues a few moments, then SIMP suddenly cries out with pain.*)

SIMP. Stop!! Stop!! For God's sake, stop!!

MACFARLAND. Kneel! Miss Dolly!

DOLLY. Yes.

MACFARLAND. Light the gas.

DOLLY. Gas? Who ever heard of gas up here!
(*She rushes to the cupboard, and a moment later, strikes a match and lights a candle taken from cupboard. As she comes down with candle, the men are revealed somewhat to R. of C. MACFARLAND is sitting on SIMP's back, with one of SIMP's thumbs in each of his hands. DOLLY, revolver in one hand, candle in other, goes to them. In amazement—to MACFARLAND*) How in the world did you ever do it?

MACFARLAND. Jiu Jitz.

DOLLY. "Juie" him some more till I find his gun.

SIMP. Who is that little devil?

MACFARLAND. Dolly Kamman.

SIMP. Not Buck Kamman's kid?

MACFARLAND. Yes. Is he a friend of yours?

SIMP. Not by a damn sight! (*Struggles to get loose*) Let me go!

DOLLY. Simp, where's your gun?

MACFARLAND. What did you do with it?
Answer her.

SIMP. You knocked it out of my hand. It's on the floor.

MACFARLAND. (*To DOLLY*) Look under the table.

(*DOLLY goes to table, which is now on its side, and, among the legs, finds SIMP's gun.*)

DOLLY. I have it.

MACFARLAND. (*To SIMP, as DOLLY shoves his gun into her own holster*) Stand up or I'll break your thumbs!

SIMP. (*Getting up, MACFARLAND pulling him*) I'll get you for this!

MACFARLAND. I've got you first! (*To DOLLY*) Tie his hands, Miss Dolly. (*DOLLY picks up one of the bed ropes and ties SIMP's wrists together, behind his back*) That's the stuff!

DOLLY. Now put him to bed.

MACFARLAND. (*To SIMP, triumphantly*) Now you go to bed. (*Throws him into bed and jumps on top of him*)

DOLLY. (*Giving MACFARLAND another rope*) Tie his feet, Mr. MacGinniss.

(*SIMP kicks wildly.*)

MACFARLAND. If he kicks me, shoot him.

(*SIMP stops kicking and MACFARLAND ties his ankles together.*)

DOLLY. (*To MACFARLAND, as he rises from his task*) Thank you very much, Mr. MacGinniss.

MACFARLAND. (*Smiling*) The pleasure is all mine. Now I shall help you guard him.

DOLLY. (*Pleasantly*) You shall go back to bed.

MACFARLAND. (*Dumbfounded*) What?

DOLLY. (*Pleasantly commandatory*) Go back to bed.

MACFARLAND. (*Indicating SIMP*) With him?

DOLLY. (*With admiration*) Mr. MacGinniss, you are a brave man, and I am deeply grateful for what you have done, but you are a fugitive from justice and it is my duty to take you to jail.

(*At "Fugitive from Justice", SIMP rolls over on side and stares at MACFARLAND, in amazement.*)

MACFARLAND. Do you visit your papa's jail often?

DOLLY. No, but I could.

MACFARLAND. Will you?

DOLLY. Perhaps, but until you are in my father's jail—back to bed.

MACFARLAND. (*Humbly but pleasantly*) Yes, ma'am. (*To SIMP, savagely, as he crawls into bed*) Get over!

DOLLY. (*Leaning against edge of table*) Well, I said I'd get a couple of bucks before the season closed.

Curtain

ACT III

SCENE: *Two days later. Sheriff KAMMAN's office in the County Jail Building, Delta, Colorado. Morning. It is an untidy room. Roughly furnished and seldom swept.*

Rear wall c. A heavy black iron door with bolt, lock and white painted sign: "No Admittance." When this door is opened the interior of the cell room can be seen. To R. of door, a black bulletin board upon which are tacked several "Lost strayed or stolen" and "Reward" bulletins. In the c. of the board, and well spaced from the other notices, is an unusually large and boldly printed circular reading:

"\$5,000 Reward!!!!

For the Capture of George MacGinniss.

Description

.....

To L. of door a large clothes cabinet with double doors. It serves the dual purpose of clothes closet and arsenal. Contains rifles, shot guns, hand-cuffs, etc.

Right wall: R. 4. a door opening upon the street. On its exterior side in large black letters is painted "County Jail". In smaller letters beneath that: "Sheriff's Office". R. 2, a window with iron bars. Against the wall, be-

tween window and door an old, faded, black haircloth couch. Above the couch hangs a large map of Colorado. It is hung crooked.

Left wall: A large map of the United States. It, too, hangs crooked. *Rear corner,* a medium-sized square iron safe upon the top of which is a stack of old record books untidily arranged.

Lower c. an old flat top desk, letter littered, with a telephone upon it, a pivot chair behind it and a willow waste-basket to R. of it. An old spittoon to L. of it. The walls and floor of the room are painted a lead gray.

The room is discovered empty, both doors closed.

Enter WRENN the Jailer, singing "Little Fishes in the Brook." WRENN is lazy but good-natured. Wears old black trousers, and a black sateen shirt open at the throat. Big officer's star on breast.

WRENN is carrying an empty glass tumbler. He enters rear D. C., closes cell room door, comes down to desk, opens upper drawer, takes a whiskey flask therefrom, holds flask up, admires its contents, pours some whiskey into the tumbler, replaces flask in desk and closes the drawer.

Enter DOLLY, R. D. She wears dark skirt, light waist and is bareheaded. Very pretty and buoyant. As she enters—

DOLLY. (*Jovially and buoyantly and with likable familiarity*) Hello, Wrenn.

WRENN. (*Jovially as DOLLY closes door*) Hello, Dolly.

DOLLY. (*Eagerly*) How is my prisoner?

WRENN. Which one?

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DOLLY. MacGinniss, of course.

WRENN. Stiff and sore.

DOLLY. (*Quickly and anxiously*) He isn't sick, is he?

WRENN. No, but he says he wishes he was dead.

DOLLY. (*Astonished*) What?

WRENN. He says, he wished you'd hit him back of the ear with a club and hauled him into town on a pack horse.

DOLLY. Why?

WRENN. He has blisters on his feet as big as flapjacks. (*Chuckles*)

DOLLY. I offered to let him ride Molly part of the way.

WRENN. He was telling me about it.

DOLLY. What did he say?

WRENN. He said it was a case of getting blistered either way—riding or walking. (*Chuckles*)

DOLLY. It's no laughing matter. If it hadn't been for him I could never have gotten Simp Calloway down here alive. (*Indicating tumbler from which WRENN has been sipping*) Is that for Mr. MacGinniss?

WRENN. (*Contemplating remainder of contents*) Well, it was for him.

DOLLY. I'll take it to him.

WRENN. No. I've had strict orders from your father not to let no one see the prisoners.

DOLLY. Give it to me.

WRENN. But your father said——

(*DOLLY takes tumbler from him, then—*)

DOLLY. Give me the key to his cell.

WRENN. No, Dolly, I've had strict orders from your father not to let no one see the prisoners.

DOLLY. Whose prisoners are they, anyhow?

WRENN. But your father said——

DOLLY. Give me that key.

WRENN. (*Remonstratively*) But your father said,—Dolly your father said——

DOLLY. (*After stamping her foot emphatically*) I said, *give me that key.*

WRENN. (*As he reluctantly places key on desk*) There she is, but if you take her you take her at your own risk.

DOLLY. (*Pleasantly as she picks up the key*) Thank you.

WRENN. That lets me out.

(*DOLLY goes to rear D. with key and tumbler.*)

DOLLY. (*At rear D.*) Has father heard from the New York officers yet?

WRENN. Nope. (*As DOLLY exits rear D.*) Now remember, you're doing that at your own risk. If anything happens——

(*Exit DOLLY rear door, closing it behind herself.*
Enter KAMMAN R. D. He is fresh shaven, wears a clean suit of light green corduroy, well oiled boots with tops under trousers' legs, and a new Stetson hat. In one hand carries a box of cigars and in the other a telegram.)

KAMMAN. (*Jubilantly*) He's the man, Wrenn. (*Coming to desk*) Listen to this:—(*Reading telegram*) "Hold MacGinniss. Am sending officers with extradition papers. Arthur Sole. New York City." (*Slapping WRENN on back*) Now tell me my Dolly girl isn't a hero!

WRENN. (*Examining telegram*) I always said the people of this here County should have elected her Sheriff instead of her Dad.

KAMMAN. (*Offering box of cigars to WRENN*) Have one on Dolly. (*WRENN takes one*) Take a handful.

WRENN. (*As he takes several*) No, one's

enough; one's enough. (*Pocketing cigars*) Thank you, Buck.

KAMMAN. (*Pocketing telegram*) Thank Dolly. (*He puts box of cigars in upper drawer of desk and taking another telegram from pocket frowns at it*) But here is a telegram that does put the blind bridles on me. (*He rests his foot on bottom of pivot chair and reads:*) "Handle MacGinniss tenderly. Give him three square meals, plenty of sleep and lots of exercise."

WRENN. (*Biting off end of cigar*) That is a heller.

KAMMAN. And listen to this: "Deprive him of none of the luxuries of life. Signed Arthur Sole".

WRENN. A blue-blooded crook, eh?

KAMMAN. Looks that way—(*As he pockets telegram*) Well, give him anything he wants, Wrenn. New York's paying for it.

WRENN. Suppose he asks for a bucket of champagne?

KAMMAN. Wire to Denver and get it. But say, Wrenn, doesn't it strike you kind of queer that this New Yorker and Simp Calloway were feeding on the same range at the same time?

WRENN. No, no. They're pals. Working together. For all we know, maybe they had something framed up on the bank right here in town. You know, Simp is supposed to have had a hand in that bank robbery over near Salt Lake City.

KAMMAN. I guess we'll keep a pretty close eye on that New Yorker even if he is blue-blooded. (*He winks wisely at WRENN and picks up telegram*)

WRENN. (*Goes up c.*) I'll hobble him right now.

KAMMAN. (*In telephone as WRENN starts up*) Number 12, please. (*Glancing up*) Wrenn. (*In 'phone as WRENN comes down R.*) Try it again, please. (*To WRENN*) Would you call preserved peaches and custard pie luxuries?

WRENN. I sure would.

KAMMAN. I'm 'phoning Martha to bring some down to MacGinniss. (*In 'phone*) Not in?—all right. (*To WRENN as he hangs up receiver*) Wrenn, I laid awake all last night thinking of some way to show Dolly how much I appreciate the pluck she showed in landing this man MacGinniss, and do you know what I've decided to do?

WRENN. Buy her a six-shooter?

KAMMAN. I've decided to make her a deputy sheriff.

WRENN. Great. (*They shake hands*)

KAMMAN. On my way down here this morning I dropped into Charley Frazier's store and told him to send down the best roll-top desk he had in the shebang. (*Strutting L., hands behind back*) It's a dinger, too, a little fellow with lots of cubbyholes and a green felt blotting pad and a little oak chair. (*Returning R.*) I'm going to put it over there where the lounge is. Come on, let's toss this old incubator out of the jail right now. (*They cross to the couch and pick it up.* KAMMAN at the down end and WRENN in shirt sleeves at up end, when—Enter MARTHA R. 4. *She is a well-built woman of forty and wears a calico house-dress and a calico sun bonnet*) Hello, Martha. I just 'phoned up to you.

(*They lift lounge.*)

MARTHA. (*Alarmed*) What has happened?

KAMMAN. Nothing, I just wanted you to send down some luxuries to MacGinniss.

MARTHA. (*Gravely going to desk*) Is Dorothy here?

KAMMAN. Not yet.

MARTHA. That disturbs me.

KAMMAN. (*Halting*) Why?

MARTHA. (*Worried*) She said she was coming down to administer to her prisoners.

KAMMAN. She probably went to the post-office first.

MARTHA. Possibly. But when she comes, please do not let her talk to the prisoners.

KAMMAN. (*Resting his end of the couch on the floor*) I have already given Wrenn strict orders not to let anyone see the prisoners in my absence.

(WRENN *holds his end of couch.*)

MARTHA. That was very thoughtful of you, Bertram. (KAMMAN *picks up end of couch*) You know, girls at Dorothy's age are inclined to be a bit romantic.

KAMMAN. Not Dolly. (*Puts down his end of couch*) She's a deputy sheriff now.

(WRENN *gets angry but holds on to his end of couch.*)

MARTHA. (*Going towards him*) I do not wish to be severe with the child—(KAMMAN *picks up couch*) But if sister Belle were living——

(KAMMAN *rests couch on floor. WRENN drops it and sits on couch disgusted.*)

KAMMAN. (*His hand gently on MARTHA's shoulder*) I understand, Martha. I won't let her see the prisoners. I've told Wrenn not to let anyone see them and he always obeys my orders.

WRENN. (*Greatly agitated and trying to get BUCK off the subject*) Give me a light, Buck.

(KAMMAN *hands him his cigar. Enter DOLLY rear D.*)

MARTHA. (*Shocked*) Dorothy!

DOLLY. (*Merrily*) Hello, everybody.

KAMMAN. (*Severely going toward her*) What are you doing in there?

DOLLY. (*Closing door*) Watering my five-thousand dollar prisoner.

MARTHA. (*To KAMMAN*) There you are!

KAMMAN. (*To WRENN*) I thought I gave you strict orders not to——

WRENN. (*To DOLLY*) See!

DOLLY. (*Prettily independent to KAMMAN*) He's my prisoner. If I want to feed him I am going to feed him. If I want to talk to him I am going to talk to him. (*Shaking finger playfully severe at him*) And I am going to do it when I please—where I please—and if you don't like it——

(*'Phone rings.*)

KAMMAN. (*At 'phone, DOLLY to R. of him*) Hello—Yes, this is Buck Kamman. (*Excited*) What?—The bank at Grand Junction?—Headed this way?—You bet your life I'll chase them. (*Hangs up receiver*)

DOLLY. (*At his side, intensely interested*) What's happened?

KAMMAN. The bank at Grand Junction was held up not fifteen minutes ago. Three masked men shot the cashier, held up the clerks and got away with twenty thousand dollars. (*He rushes to cabinet*)

DOLLY. Really?

KAMMAN. (*Taking his Colts belt from cabinet*) 'Phone for Monk!

DOLLY. (*In 'phone*) 24 please. And hurry!

WRENN. (*To KAMMAN*) Is there anything I can do, Buck?

KAMMAN. (*To WRENN, as he puts on spurs*) Put a ball and chain on MacGinniss.

WRENN. Put she is, Buck. (*He pushes couch back where it was*)

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MARTHA. (*To KAMMAN who is putting on an old coat*) Do be careful, Bertram.

DOLLY. (*In 'phone*) For heaven's sake, hurry!

MARTHA. (*Her hand on KAMMAN's shoulder*) Don't get shot if you can help it, Bertram. (*Enter MACFARLAND, rear I. MARTHA screams. DOLLY startled, drops the receiver. WRENN and KAMMAN instantly cover MACFARLAND with Colts*)

MACFARLAND. (*Calmly, with palms upraised to KAMMAN and WRENN*) Don't shoot, don't shoot. I'm not going to run away. (*To KAMMAN*) What are the prospects of getting into communication with a real good cigar?

DOLLY. Bright.

MARTHA. (*Shocked*) Dorothy! (*DOLLY goes quickly to her father, frisks his vest, takes a cigar and starts toward MACFARLAND. MARTHA about to intercede*) Dorothy!

DOLLY. (*To MARTHA*) They were made to smoke. (*She gives it to MACFARLAND*)

MACFARLAND. (*Taking cigar and bowing*) I thank you. (*To WRENN, going toward him*) Match please. (*WRENN backs away from him. DOLLY goes to her father. He hands her a match. She lights it on her father's gun and hands it to MACFARLAND. MACFARLAND accepting it*) I thank you. (*To KAMMAN, as he calmly lights cigar*) Going some place, Sheriff?

MARTHA. Your comrades in crime have robbed a bank.

MACFARLAND. Not my comrades. I'm an Elk. (*To KAMMAN, genially*) Don't you want a nice, bright young man to help you, Sheriff?

KAMMAN. (*Handing DOLLY rifle from cabinet*) Watch him. (*To WRENN, warningly*) Come on! Maybe Simp is out, too. (*KAMMAN rushes off rear*)

WRENN. (*Following him*) Come on, she is, Buck. (*Exits rear*)

MACFARLAND. (*To DOLLY*) You are looking very nice this morning.

MARTHA. (*Severely*) Are you attempting to make bold with my niece?

MACFARLAND. I am not. (*He hastens toward DOLLY*)

MARTHA. Stop!

(*DOLLY covers him with rifle. He puts his hand to pistol pocket.*)

DOLLY. Throw up your hands.

MACFARLAND. (*Holding up cell key which he has taken from pocket*) The key. (*DOLLY lowers rifle. He goes to her*) You left it in the lock of my cell.

MARTHA. (*Shocked*) Dorothy!

MACFARLAND. (*Pleasantly*) Don't do it again. If some one else had found it, it might have embarrassed you. (*Puts key on end of DOLLY's rifle*)

DOLLY. (*Deeply grateful*) Thank you! Oh, how I thank you!

KAMMAN. (*Re-entering rear door*) Get back to your cell.

MACFARLAND. (*To KAMMAN*) Just a moment. (*To DOLLY, as she slips the key into the pocket of her waist*) Did you send those telegrams to New York for me last evening?

DOLLY. Yes.

MACFARLAND. (*Anxiously*) Sure you didn't make any mistake? Arthur Sole and Thornton Brown?

DOLLY. Yes—Thornton Brown and Arthur Sole.

MACFARLAND. Good! (*To DOLLY*) You know they're my best friends and they said if I ever got arrested to—

KAMMAN. (*Stepping between MACFARLAND and DOLLY*) Get back to your cell.

MACFARLAND. (*To KAMMAN*) Can't you see that you are interrupting a very pleasant conversation?

KAMMAN. Shut up!

MACFARLAND. I am shut up. (*Starting toward rear D. escorted by KAMMAN*) Say, what right have you to try to make me stop talking? There's nothing in the Constitution that says you can make a man shut up, even if he is in jail. (*Exits rear D. followed by KAMMAN*)

MARTHA. (*Severely*) Dorothy Kamman, were you in that man's cell? (*DOLLY, as though not hearing her, takes key from pocket and gazes bewilderedly at it*) Answer me! Were you in his cell?

DOLLY. Partly.

MARTHA. (*Shocked*) Oh!

DOLLY. I handed him some water—and a glass. (*Picks up the telephone receiver. In 'phone—*) Hello—haven't you got the livery stable yet?—Hurry—Hello, Gord—Send Monk down to the jail right away—Don't stop to feed him—And, Gord, if any of the boys are there send them right down on fresh horses—Grand Junction's been held up—(*As she hangs up receiver, MARTHA crosses to her and lays her hand gently on DOLLY'S shoulder*)

MARTHA. I trust this has taught you a lesson. (*DOLLY does not seem to hear her. Her mind is on the key*) You must not think that simply because you fortunately captured two disreputable thieves you are a grown woman. That bold New Yorker is no gentleman and I am pained to see you——

DOLLY. (*Absent-mindedly but emphatic*) Go to bed!

MARTHA. Dorothy!

DOLLY. (*Kindly*) Oh, I didn't mean to say that. Please go home.

MARTHA. (*In mellowing voice which stimulates*

genuine sympathy) You forget that I am your Aunt.

DOLLY. (*Gently taking MARTHA'S hand in her own*) No I don't, but when we are ourselves again we will talk it over, calmly. (*DOLLY kisses her*)

MARTHA. That is better, much better. (*MARTHA kisses DOLLY, and exits, R. 3*)

(*DOLLY gazes at key and crosses to desk L. C. Re-enter KAMMAN, rear D. frowning perplexedly.*)

KAMMAN. (*Coming down to desk where DOLLY now stands*) How did that man get out? (*DOLLY hands him the key*) Did you give him this?

DOLLY. (*Fingering lock of rifle which lies on desk*) I handed him a glass of water, and left it in the lock.

KAMMAN. (*Astonished at her carelessness*) What?

DOLLY. That is why he came out. He was afraid someone else might find it there and embarrass me.

KAMMAN. Did he say that?

DOLLY. Yes. (*KAMMAN scratches his chin pensively*) Father, that man is no criminal.

KAMMAN. (*Quickly*) What do you mean?

DOLLY. I mean he is not the criminal we think he is.

KAMMAN. (*Close to her*) Now don't get sentimental, Dolly. You pulled off something pretty good when you caught those two outlaws single-handed. Now don't up and spoil it.

DOLLY. (*With simple sincerity, looking up into his face*) I know what I know.

KAMMAN. What do you know?

DOLLY. (*Solemnly*) I know that that man is a man. (*KAMMAN puts his hand to her forehead, then picks up 'phone*) I 'phoned for Monk.

KAMMAN. I'm going to 'phone for a doctor.

DOLLY. (*Puzzled*) What for?

KAMMAN. The nervous strain of the past three days is getting the best of you.

DOLLY. Nonsense! (*Takes 'phone from him and sets it on desk*)

WRENN. (*Re-entering rear D. Marveling at MACFARLAND'S nerve in asking such a question*) Say, what do you know about that? (*Chuckles*)

KAMMAN. What?

WRENN. (*Crossing toward couch*) MacGinniss wants to know if he can go out walking this afternoon? (*Sits on couch and laughs*)

KAMMAN. (*To WRENN*) Take that key. I'm going after those bank robbers and I don't want anything else on my mind. Dolly, I have a little surprise for you.

DOLLY. What?

KAMMAN. Just to show how much I appreciate that little trick you turned the other night, I've made you a deputy sheriff.

(*DOLLY springs at his neck, clasps her arms about it and hugs him.*)

(*KAMMAN kisses her many times. Horses' hoofs are heard off R. They approach rapidly. WRENN hastens to R. 2 window.*)

KAMMAN. Is it Monk?

WRENN. Yes, and a bunch of the boys.

KAMMAN. (*To DOLLY, surprised, pleased*) Did you tell them to come down?

DOLLY. Yes.

WRENN. (*As KAMMAN kisses DOLLY again*) She's learning fast, Buck.

KAMMAN. (*Proudly*) She doesn't have to learn; she knows already.

(DOLLY kisses him and he goes to R. D. quickly.)

KAMMAN. (*At R. D.*) Now whatever you do, don't let anybody in; and for heaven's sake, don't let anybody out. Good-bye. (*Exiting, off R. as DOLLY followed by WRENN hastens to R. 4*) Hello, boys! Something doing!

COWBOYS. (*Off right*) Whoop-ee!

(*The sound of many hoofs riding away. DOLLY waves her handkerchief at the departing horsemen. WRENN waves his blue bandana. They wave until the sound of hoofs dies away.*)

WRENN. (*As they go down towards desk*) Dolly, have you any idea how MacGinniss got out of his cell?

DOLLY. (*Mysteriously*) I shouldn't be a bit surprised. (*Beckons him to her*)

WRENN. (*In bated breath*) How?

DOLLY. He walked out.

WRENN. (*Furious*) This is no joking matter!

DOLLY. (*Tidying the desk*) Do you think a deputy sheriff would joke with a jailer?

WRENN. (*At R. end of desk*) Now don't get fresh, Dolly.

DOLLY. (*Face to face with him, hands clenched*) You may be several pounds heavier than I am, Wrenn Wrigley, but remember, in the absence of my father, I am sheriff.

WRENN. If you were a kid of mine, Dolly Kamman, I would spank you good.

DOLLY. (*Shaking her forefinger at him*) I will give you just one minute to apologize. (*Marked pause*)

WRENN. (*Fusses, then extending his hand and smiling broadly*) I apologize. Ice cream or sodie water?

DOLLY. (*As they shake hands*) Do you really think Mr. MacGinniss is a bad man?

WRENN. I know it.

DOLLY. How do you know it?

WRENN. Your father heard from the New York officers. (*Looking about desk for telegrams*) Got two telegrams.

DOLLY. What did they say?

WRENN. (*Looking in waste-basket*) The first one said "He's the hoss, hold him. (*WRENN examines the contents of basket*) The other said, "Give him a good bed, and feed him lots of oats, and give him lots of currying."

DOLLY. (*Crosses R. to window*) They don't talk that way in New York City.

WRENN. (*Crosses L. of desk*) No, but that's what they meant. They called it the luxuries of life. I guess your father took them telegrams with him.

DOLLY. There must be some mistake. Mr. MacGinniss is too much of a gentleman to be a criminal.

WRENN. (*Smiling*) Oh, shucks! How many criminals have you know'd?

DOLLY. (*After short pause*) Fetch him out.

WRENN. (*Loudly*) Your father said——

DOLLY. Fetch him out!

WRENN. (*More quietly*) But your father said——

DOLLY. Fetch him out! I want to question him.

WRENN. (*Exasperated but helpless*) All right! All right! But you do it at your own risk. Don't forget that. (*He goes up to rear D. DOLLY crosses L. and sits at desk*) Shall I take off the ball and chain?

DOLLY. No.

WRENN. (*Humbly, as a last effort to dissuade her*) Now, Dolly—(*DOLLY points at rear D. WRENN sees it is useless, and loses his temper*)

Let 'em all out! I don't care. Let 'em all out!
(Exit WRENN, closing door)

(Slight pause during which DOLLY sits at desk and begins to tidy it. Enter VIOLET R. 4. A tall chemical blonde wearing a heliotrope skimpy skirt, many rings, much rouge and a large picture hat with heliotrope plumes. She carries a newspaper cornucopia containing an immense bouquet of native flowers.)

VIOLET. (Chirply, as she closes the door) Hello!

DOLLY. (With official dignity) How do you do.

VIOLET. (Smiling blandly as she approaches desk) I just dropped in a few moments to give Mr. Calloway some flowers.

DOLLY. Is he a friend of yours?

VIOLET. (Taking bouquet from cornucopia) An old sweetheart, Honey. (Holding up bouquet) Ain't them just luscious!

(The stem of the bouquet is quite long and heavily wrapped with tinfoil on which is wound black thread.)

DOLLY. What is your name?

VIOLET. Violet.

DOLLY. Violet what?

VIOLET. You're getting inquisitive, Honey. (She starts up)

DOLLY. (Following her) I will take them to him.

VIOLET. (Smirking at her over her shoulder) You needn't mind.

DOLLY. (Emphatically) I said I would take them to him.

VIOLET. (Pleasantly, without looking around) I heard you, Honey.

DOLLY. (*Taking hold of her arm*) I mean it, too.

VIOLET. (*Facing her and sizing her up, with arched eyebrows*) Just who do you think you are?

DOLLY. The deputy sheriff of this county.

VIOLET. You? (*She bursts out laughing. DOLLY clenches hands. VIOLET chucks DOLLY under the chin with bouquet*) Say, I like you! Where's Wrenn?

DOLLY. Never mind Wrenn. If those flowers are for Simp Calloway, give them to me.

VIOLET. The nerve!

DOLLY. Then leave this office.

VIOLET. Why, you impudent little devil!

DOLLY. You heard me, didn't you?

VIOLET. Yes, and if you give me another word of your sass—(*She draws back her hand. DOLLY begins to roll up her sleeves*) Going to throw me out, eh? (*She laughs heartily. DOLLY crosses to door R. Enter WRENN rear D. C.*) Hello, Wrenn. (*She extends her hand familiarly and stops laughing*)

WRENN. (*Perplexedly surprised*) I thought you went to California.

VIOLET. (*Hand still extended*) I did, but—(*Enter MACFARLAND. In his left hand an iron ball, the chain of which is fastened to an iron band about his ankle; in his right hand the cigar, still lighted. VIOLET recognizes MACFARLAND, surprised but glad to see him*) Well, look who's here? (*Going to him, hand still extended*) Why, how do you do?

(*DOLLY crosses back to L. of desk.*)

MACFARLAND. (*Calmly smoking*) Nicely, thank you, but have I ever seen you before?

VIOLET. (*Smiling*) Of course you have.

MACFARLAND. (*Casually surveying her*) I don't recall you.

VIOLET. (*With affected coyness*) Probably not. (*Nipping a rose petal with her lips*) The last time you saw me I was in a bathing suit.

DOLLY. (*Shrewdly*) Where?

VIOLET. None of your business.

MACFARLAND. Where?

VIOLET. (*Pleasantly*) Long Beach, California.

DOLLY. (*Quickly to MACFARLAND*) Were you ever there?

MACFARLAND. Once—but I am sure I didn't see this lady.

VIOLET. (*Smiling coquettishly*) Oh yes you did.

MACFARLAND. (*Mimicking*) Oh no I didn't.

VIOLET. Last New Year's day. (*MACFARLAND shakes his head*) You saved my life.

DOLLY. Did you?

MACFARLAND. (*To DOLLY*) The woman I saved was a brunette.

VIOLET. (*Flecking a flower, with girlish modesty*) Last winter, I was a brunette.

(*WRENN up L. snickers. DOLLY glances at him. He instantly becomes dignified.*)

DOLLY. (*To MACFARLAND*) What were you doing at Long Beach?

MACFARLAND. (*Flecking his cigar gravely*) Watching the waves come in.

(*VIOLET snickers, then bursts out laughing and slaps MACFARLAND on the back.*)

VIOLET. (*Joshing him, broadly*) Watching the waves come in!

DOLLY. (*To WRENN, disgusted*) Take him back. (*WRENN takes hold of MACFARLAND's arm. DOLLY starts down C.*)

MACFARLAND. Miss Kamman. (DOLLY *glances over her shoulder*) Did you wish to speak to me?

DOLLY. I did but I don't now.

MACFARLAND. Why not?

DOLLY. (To WRENN) Take him back!

(WRENN *tugs at MACFARLAND's arm.*)

MACFARLAND. (To DOLLY) But you said——

WRENN. Come on! (He *pulls MACFARLAND rear*)

VIOLET. (Blandly) Wait a minute, Wrenn. (WRENN *stops. VIOLET goes to MACFARLAND*) I want to give you these flowers as a hero medal. (She *hands him the bouquet*)

MACFARLAND. Thank you, Miss Carnegie.

VIOLET. Don't mention it. (She *starts toward R. 4*)

DOLLY. (To WRENN, who is *exiting with MACFARLAND*) Stop! (To VIOLET) Wait! I thought you said those flowers were for Simp Calloway.

VIOLET. What of it?

DOLLY. Is this man another old sweetheart of yours? (VIOLET *laughs*) Is he?

VIOLET. He saved my life, Honey—that's all.

DOLLY. (Suspiciously) Is that all?

VIOLET. That's what I said, didn't I? (She *continues her way to R. 4*)

MACFARLAND. Just a moment, Miss Carnegie. (Quietly to WRENN) Does she know Simp?

WRENN. (Confidentially) Pals for twenty years.

MACFARLAND. (To WRENN) Watch me.

WRENN. Sure. That's what I'm paid for.

MACFARLAND. (To VIOLET) I want you to tell me the names of these flowers, please. (He *goes towards desk and puts ball in waste basket*)

VIOLET. (Going to desk) Sure—if I can.

DOLLY. (Going to WRENN, who is at rear D. C.) I thought I told you to take him back!

(WRENN *presses his forefinger to his lips and with a gesture tells her to let MACFARLAND alone. Together they watch the couple from rear L.*)

MACFARLAND. (*Laying bouquet on desk; to VIOLET now at R. end*) I have studied botany but some of these Colorado flowers baffle me completely.

VIOLET. (*Sympathetically*) That's too bad.

MACFARLAND. They are pretty but puzzling.

VIOLET. (*Petting the bouquet*) Oh, you puzzling posies!

MACFARLAND. (*To WRENN*) Lend me your knife.

WRENN. (*Giving knife to him*) Sure.

VIOLET. (*As he takes knife*) What are you going to do?

MACFARLAND. Vivisect the flowers. (*He opens knife and cuts the thread about the bouquet*)

VIOLET. (*As MACFARLAND cuts the thread*) The flowers ain't down there.

MACFARLAND. (*Returning knife to WRENN*) I know, but once, when I was wintering in Italy—(*He has been unwrapping the foil. Suddenly he pulls the bouquet in twain, shredding it with his fingers. A large skeleton key and a small three-cornered file fall to the desk. VIOLET snatches them. MACFARLAND seizes her by the wrist and WRENN runs to R. D.*)

DOLLY. (*Completely surprised*) Oh!

MACFARLAND. (*Tightening his grip on her wrist*) Just a moment, if you please. (*Uttering cry of pain, VIOLET drops the key and file. MACFARLAND hands them to DOLLY*) Permit me—a skeleton key—and a file. (*To VIOLET*) Did you know they were there?

VIOLET. No.

DOLLY. You are lying. (*To WRENN*) Put her

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in cell Number 3, and don't take your eyes off her until I come.

WRENN. (*After taking her by wrist*) Shall I search her?

DOLLY. No, a woman can't hide anything in that kind of a dress.

VIOLET. (*Scathingly to MACFARLAND, who is assorting the flowers*) I thought I was dealing with a man.

DOLLY. You were.

VIOLET. A Y. M. C. A. boy, not a man.

MACFARLAND. (*Perfunctorily*) Thank you.

VIOLET. (*Enraged, jumps at MACFARLAND*)
You——

WRENN. None of that now! (*He urges her up*)

VIOLET. (*To WRENN*) I'll take my time to it.
(*To MACFARLAND, as WRENN pulls her toward rear d.*) Y. M. C. A! Mama's little baby boy!
Y. M. C. A.——

WRENN. (*Tugging at her to pull her thru doorway*) I Must C. U. (*I must see you.*)

VIOLET. (*To WRENN*) Stop jerking me! (*She hits him on jaw and they exit rowing. DOLLY closes door*)

MACFARLAND. (*To DOLLY*) Gee, I hated to do that, but our little jail must be protected.

DOLLY. (*Coming down*) Mr. MacGinniss, you are the queerest criminal I ever knew.

MACFARLAND. (*Tying flowers which he has been putting together*) Thank you—and permit me to observe that you are the queerest officer I ever knew. (*R. end of desk*)

DOLLY. (*Shrewdly, at up side of desk*) How many officers have you known?

MACFARLAND. Enough to convince me that a clever man can dodge all of them—unless he meets one like you.

DOLLY. Explain yourself.

MACFARLAND. (*Wrapping foil about bouquet*)
I beg to be excused.

DOLLY. As an officer of the law, I demand an explanation.

MACFARLAND. As your humble prisoner, I insist upon profound silence.

DOLLY. Why?

MACFARLAND. (*Offering her bouquet*) Will you accept this little bouquet with my compliments?

DOLLY. (*Ignoring it*) I can't understand you at all, Mr. MacGinniss.

MACFARLAND. (*Picking up iron ball*) No.

DOLLY. No. You are brave and polite and intelligent, and yet you forged.

MACFARLAND. (*Smiling*) A regular jig-saw puzzle. (*With the iron ball in one hand and bouquet in other he starts up*)

DOLLY. Where are you going?

MACFARLAND. To enjoy the floral solitude of cell No. 2.

DOLLY. (*Indicating couch. Commandingly*) Sit down.

MACFARLAND. Yes, ma'am. (*He crosses to couch and sits*)

DOLLY. (*As she takes gun holster from cabinet*) Just who are you, Mr. MacGinniss? (*During the following, DOLLY straps holster around her waist and going down to desk, leans against R. side of it while cross-examining MACFARLAND*)

MACFARLAND. (*Simply*) MacGinniss.

DOLLY. Yes, but who are you?

MACFARLAND. (*Caressing ball and chain*) Do I look like Washington crossing the Delaware?

DOLLY. Really, now—

MACFARLAND. (*Proudly*) I am a bird of passage flitting hither and thither o'er the broad green expanse of America, and I—(*He has risen in his enthusiasm*)

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DOLLY. Sit down.

MACFARLAND. Yes, ma'am. (*He sits, placing iron ball on the floor*)

DOLLY. (*Very gravely*) You are a forger, Mr. MacGinniss?

MACFARLAND. I beg your pardon—I forged but I am not a forger. (*He has risen*)

DOLLY. Sit down.

MACFARLAND. (*Obeying*) Yes, ma'am.

DOLLY. (*Crossing to c.*) You are a forger but you are something more.

MACFARLAND. Now what have you discovered?

DOLLY. I have discovered that you are a *man*. (*MACFARLAND rises and bows politely*) Sit down.

MACFARLAND. But——

DOLLY. Sit down——

MACFARLAND. (*Humbly*) Yes, ma'am. (*He sits*)

DOLLY. I suspected you were a man the moment I saw you.

MACFARLAND. Ah, Lady Clifford. You make me blush. (*Hides face behind bouquet*)

DOLLY. If you had not said what you did, I should never have suspected you of being anything else.

MACFARLAND. (*Rising anxiously*) Am I anything else?

DOLLY. If only you had not said "Believe me, Xantippe".

MACFARLAND. (*Disgusted with himself*) I'll never say it again—Believe me, X—(*Checks himself, then starts towards her penitently*) Is that profanity out here?

DOLLY. No, but it told me who you were, and what you were.

MACFARLAND. Miss Kamman—(*Unable to drag the ball, MACFARLAND returns to it, picks it up and carrying it, goes to the desk, thoughtfully.*) DOLLY

is gazing sadly front) Miss Kamman, I am not what you think I am.

DOLLY. Then why did you forge that check?

MACFARLAND. I didn't really forge it.

DOLLY. You just said so.

MACFARLAND. (*Puts iron ball on table*) There is a little—a little mystery connected with this affair, Miss Kamman.

DOLLY. (*Watching him closely*) There is a big mystery.

MACFARLAND. (*Humoring her*) Very well—a big mystery.

DOLLY. Can't you clear it up?

MACFARLAND. (*Lower L. facing her*) It will clear itself up.

DOLLY. When?

MACFARLAND. As soon as I hear from those telegrams you sent to New York last night.

DOLLY. To Arthur Sole and Thornton Brown?

MACFARLAND. (*Crossing to her*) Yes. They are my friends and will explain everything—everything.

DOLLY. (*Slowly, joyfully apprehensive*) Do you mean to tell me that—

MACFARLAND. I don't mean to tell you anything. (*They are now face to face*)

DOLLY. You just said—

MACFARLAND. In time the truth will all come out. I am an innocent man.

DOLLY. Then prove it.

MACFARLAND. I can't.

DOLLY. You just said you could.

MACFARLAND. And I can, too.

DOLLY. Then do it.

MACFARLAND. I can't. I must not. I am honor-bound not to say a word until—(*DOLLY gazes at him with mingled mystery and contempt*) You think I'm lying, don't you?

DOLLY. Can you blame me? You tell me you are innocent. I ask you to prove it. You say you can't. Then you say you can. Then you say you can't. Mr. MacGinniss, I want to believe that you are innocent, but—*(She pauses a moment, then shakes her head)*

MACFARLAND. *(Resting ball on L. end of desk)* Miss Dolly, when the proper time comes, Brown and Sole will explain everything—I promise you they will—*(She looks at him with quiet emotion)* Miss Kamman, after I have proved to you that I am not a criminal—after I have proved beyond all doubt that I am an innocent, honest, honorable, hard-working citizen—*(He lays his hand gently upon hers)*

DOLLY. *(With quiet firmness)* Until you have proved that, remember you are a prisoner of the law and I the deputy sheriff of this county. *(She takes his hand off hers and puts it on desk)*

MACFARLAND. Yes, ma'am.

(They gaze into each other's faces several moments, gravely.)

DOLLY. *(Hopefully)* Are you sure your friends can explain everything?

MACFARLAND. Everything.

DOLLY. Can they explain—Violet?

MACFARLAND. Violet who?

DOLLY. Violet Bathing Suit.

MACFARLAND. Oh, I can explain that myself.

DOLLY. Then do it.

MACFARLAND. I spent the holidays on the Pacific Coast. New Year's afternoon I was at Long Beach. Many were bathing. I wasn't. Violet ventured out too far, the undertow caught her and carried her to sea. I heard her scream, jumped in, swam to her assistance—And there you are.

DOLLY. It is strange you did not remember her.

MACFARLAND. Well—you see——

DOLLY. Go on.

MACFARLAND. I did not take a good look at her.

DOLLY. Why?

MACFARLAND. Didn't have time.

DOLLY. Why not?

MACFARLAND. Well, you see—(*Pauses*)

DOLLY. Yes, go on.

MACFARLAND. I am going on. Well, you see as I was carrying her out of the water, I saw a policeman.

DOLLY. And——?

MACFARLAND. I was in a hurry so I dropped her and departed immediately.

DOLLY. Then you *are* a fugitive from justice!

MACFARLAND. (*Starts up c.*) I am a bird of passage—a wazza zu passage.

DOLLY. (*Firmly*) Sit down.

MACFARLAND. Same place?

DOLLY. Yes. (*He thrusts bouquet into his pocket and, carrying ball in right hand, starts towards couch. DOLLY, supreme master of the situation, stands watching him, her arms folded. Shrewdly*) If you are not really a criminal, how do you happen to know so many tricks of the trade?

MACFARLAND. (*Halting*) I used to read the New York papers.

DOLLY. (*Shrewdly*) Is that all?

MACFARLAND. I also went to every crook play that came to town.

DOLLY. What else did you do?

MACFARLAND. That's all I had time to do.

(*The telephone rings.*)

DOLLY. (*In telephone*) Hello—Yes—(*To MACFARLAND now at couch*) A telegram.

MACFARLAND. For me?

DOLLY. Yes.

MACFARLAND. (*Smiling*) Good! It's from Sole and Brown, telling me they've fixed it up with the proper authorities to keep me out of Sing Sing.

DOLLY. (*In telephone, as MACFARLAND sits on couch*) Very well. Read it and I will take it down. (*Seating herself in desk chair, she takes pencil and paper from drawer and places them conveniently on desk. Meanwhile—*)

MACFARLAND. (*Enthusiastically, as he pets the iron ball*) It's only a question of time now when you will know the truth about everything. It is certainly bully to have friends who are always on the job! What is your favorite kind of ring—one lone diamond all by himself or one completely surrounded by a flock of pearls?

DOLLY. (*In telephone*) All right. Read it—(*As she writes the message—*) Yes—Yes—Yes—Is that all?—Now see if I have it right. (*Reading message into 'phone*) "George MacGinniss, County Jail, Delta, Colorado."

MACFARLAND. (*Smiling, as he places ball on floor*) Yes, that's my hotel.

DOLLY. (*Reading into 'phone—slowly*) "Thornton Brown lost at sea."

MACFARLAND. (*Bewildered*) There must be some mistake. Read it to the operator again.

DOLLY. (*In 'phone*) To make sure there is no mistake, I will read it to you again. (*Reading*) "Thornton Brown lost at sea. Signed, A friend." (*MACFARLAND makes wry face and swallows as if he were swallowing a pumpkin. DOLLY in 'phone*) Word for word?—All right. Good-bye. (*To MACFARLAND, as she hands up receiver*) There is no mistake.

MACFARLAND. (*Stunned and disappointed*) I never thought that of Thornt! But thank God Sole is still alive.

(The telephone rings.)

DOLLY. *(In 'phone)* Hello—*(To MACFARLAND)* Another telegram.

MACFARLAND. *(Surprised)* For me?

DOLLY. Yes. *(Writing as she speaks)* "Arthur Sole lost at sea. *(Sing song, Rhymed couplet)*

"He tried to save his dear friend Brown,
Almost succeeded, then both went down."

MACFARLAND. *(Ghost-like)* Sing Sing! *(Completely unnerved, he rolls limply but comically off the couch as the curtain falls)*

(Curtain rises immediately discovering MACFARLAND stretched out on floor, the flowers upon his breast. He is all in, down and out, but funny.)

Curtain

ACT IV

SCENE: *The same as ACT III. Early morning a week later.*

The room is discovered in darkness. Presently the dull gray light of dawn drifts in thru the windows. A rooster crows immediately off R. A moment later, a second rooster crows somewhat farther off. A few moments later, a third rooster crows, barely audible. Rooster No. 1 then crows, Number 2 answers him, No. 3 answers No. 2. The room, meanwhile, has been growing brighter.

The new desk and chair are revealed standing against the wall between R. 2 and R. 3. The desk is a small roll-top affair with the top down. There is a small gold framed landscape picture above the desk and a pretty wicker waste basket on its down side. A wolf rug is in front of it. The couch is now against the wall between L. 2 and L. 4. A large bear skin rug is in front of it.

The room is perceptibly more tidy than in ACT II. The maps hang square with the world. The books on the safe are orderly arranged on a scalloped edged cloth. The c. desk has a new white blotting pad and a vase of flowers but no litter. And the spittoon has been replaced by a small stand upon which, in an Indian flower pot, sits a fern. There is a bobcat rug in front of the c. desk. A Navajo rug in front of the cabinet. Two red Navajo rugs R. and L. center. The windows are draped with short lace curtains tied back with pink ribbons.

DOLLY KAMMAN is discovered asleep on the

couch. A large white pillow is beneath her head and a pretty purple and white Navajo blanket covers her. In front of the couch is a pair of high top tan shoes. At the foot of the couch, a pair of pretty moccasins, heavily beaded. DOLLY's identity is not revealed until she rises to a sitting posture.

Above the couch, and leaning against the wall, is a green portable screen.

The clatter of hoofs, approaching at a steady trot, is heard off R. A dog barks, a shot rings out. The dog yelps. DOLLY sits up.

Two more shots in rapid succession. DOLLY springs out of bed. She is dressed in a pretty Japanese kimono and slippers. She hastens to R. 2 and peers out. The hoof clattering is now very near.

DOLLY. Oh! (*She hastens to couch, puts on moccasins and runs to R. 4. The clattering of hoofs meanwhile has ceased. Arrived at R. 4 DOLLY unlocks it and swings it open*) Father! (*Enter KAMMAN, haggard and dirty, a week's growth of beard and his new pearl gray Stetson battered and torn—a limp felt thing. One coat sleeve is ripped from wrist to shoulder. DOLLY hugs him fervently*)

KAMMAN. (*Holding her from him after having kissed her ardently*) What the thunder are you doing here?

DOLLY. (*Smiling*) A deputy sheriff is a deputy sheriff, pa. (*Closing door*) Were you doing that shooting?

KAMMAN. (*Crossing to cabinet*) Yes. I scared Shorty William's dog.

DOLLY. (*Pained*) What for?

KAMMAN. (*Opening cabinet door*) If it hadn't

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been for him we'd got those bank robbers clean handed.

DOLLY. How is that?

KAMMAN. (*Taking Colts from holster and extracting empty shells at desk L.*) Shorty joined us the second day out. The dog tagged him. We found the gang's trail about three hours after Shorty found us; tracked it four days; surrounded the men up at your hunting cabin, and were just crawling in on them—they didn't know we were around—when that blasted dog barked at a bob-cat. Out they rushed and—(*Hanging holster belt in cabinet*) Where's Wrenn?

DOLLY. (*Deeply concerned*) Did you lose them?

KAMMAN. (*Coming down*) No, but—Where's Wrenn?

DOLLY. (*At his side, genuinely concerned*) Did they get away?

KAMMAN. We had to shoot 'em. (*DOLLY shudders, turns and goes towards couch*) Where's Wrenn?

DOLLY. Asleep. (*Puts blanket on sofa L.*)

KAMMAN. (*At desk c. surveying the room*) All fussed up, eh?

DOLLY. (*Folding Navajo blanket*) I had to be doing something.

KAMMAN. Any mail?

DOLLY. Nothing important except a telegram from the New York officers.

KAMMAN. Where is it? (*He begins to pull out drawers of desk*)

DOLLY. In my desk.

KAMMAN. (*Noticing new desk, going toward it, smiling*) When did it come?

DOLLY. (*Opening upper drawer*) The day after you left.

KAMMAN. Have you been here all that time?

DOLLY. (*Handing him telegram*) A deputy sheriff is a deputy sheriff. (*She goes to couch*)

KAMMAN. (*Telegram in hand*) The officers left Denver yesterday. That means they will get here on the noon train to-day.

DOLLY. Unless they come on the early passenger by way of Grand Junction.

KAMMAN. (*Crossing to desk*) They won't do that. (*DOLLY spreads the screen at head of couch, then turns to safe. Opening upper drawer of his own desk*) Are you sure MacGinniss and Simp didn't know each other before they met in your cabin that night?

DOLLY. (*Taking skirt and waist from top of safe*) Why?

KAMMAN. (*Taking cigar box from drawer*) Simp and those bank robbers were members of the same gang and it looks like MacGinniss was in it too.

DOLLY. (*At screen with clothes*) I don't believe it.

KAMMAN. (*Opening box*) You never can tell. (*Looking into box*) Where in thunder are my cigars?

DOLLY. (*Behind screen, looking over*) Mr. MacGinniss smoked the last one yesterday.

KAMMAN. That's a pretty note! (*Slamming the drawer shut*) And they were straight Havanas, too!

DOLLY. (*Out of sight, behind screen*) That's what Mr. MacGinniss said.

KAMMAN. Damn Mr. MacGinniss!

DOLLY. (*Same*) Wrenn said you said to give him all the luxuries of life.

KAMMAN. I didn't say to give him my Havanas.

DOLLY. (*Same*) Mr. MacGinniss says your cigars and the Rocky Mountain sunrises are the only luxuries this town affords.

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KAMMAN. Haven't had a good smoke for a week. Bought that box brand new not thirty minutes before I left town. Now look at it. (DOLLY peeps over screen) Look at it! (He hurls it into waste-basket)

DOLLY. (Folding screen) Mr. MacGinniss was afraid you might not like it. (She is now dressed as in ACT II. Her Colts is in holster, strapped about her waist)

KAMMAN. (Going towards her as she replaces screen at head of couch) How would you like it if some one had smoked your cigars?

DOLLY. I wouldn't mind it if that someone replaced my cigars the way Mr. MacGinniss replaced yours. (Going to her desk, she opens second drawer and, taking out a box of cigars, extends to KAMMAN opened)

KAMMAN. (Delighted) Well, I'll be——

DOLLY. Ah—ah—(Pokes a cigar in his mouth)

KAMMAN. (Admiring cigar, which he holds in hand) Dolly, it's a shame to let a man like that go to prison.

DOLLY. (Laying her hand gently upon his forearm as he unwraps cigar's foil) Isn't there some way we can keep him from going to prison?

KAMMAN. The time to have thought of that was up in your cabin.

DOLLY. Couldn't—couldn't we just let him—? (She hesitates)

KAMMAN. What?

DOLLY. (Going to c. desk) Nothing.

KAMMAN. What's happened, Dolly?

DOLLY. (Taking him gently by the arm) Go home and get your breakfast.

KAMMAN. You're coming with me.

DOLLY. (Escorting him slowly towards R. 4) I will come just as soon as I straighten up the office.

KAMMAN. I'll stay and help you.

DOLLY. (*Opening R. 4*) Wrenn will help me.

KAMMAN. I will.

DOLLY. You have been riding all night and I know it. Go home!

KAMMAN. (*In R. 4*) All right. I'll put up Monk and shave, and if you're not home by that time I'll come down and get you.

DOLLY. All right.

KAMMAN. (*Exiting*) Now remember.

DOLLY. Yes. Good-bye. (*Exit KAMMAN R. 4.*
DOLLY stands in the doorway watching him a few moments. Presently the hoofs of his horse are heard clicky-te-clicking at an easy canter off R. She waves her handkerchief at him a moment, closes the door, goes to rear D. C. and, unbolting it, opens it) Wrenn—oh, Wrenn!

WRENN. (*Sleepily, off rear*) Y—e—s!

DOLLY. Aren't you up yet?

WRENN. (*Off*) Yes. (*DOLLY goes down to couch, picks up kimono and pillow and takes them up to safe, places them on top of blanket and is returning to C. desk as WRENN appears in rear D. Enter WRENN. He wears a lay down linen collar, an orange colored tie and is half asleep. Yawning*) What is it, Dolly?

DOLLY. (*Not looking at him*) Fetch Mr. MacGinniss out to see the sunrise.

WRENN. All right, Dolly. (*He yawns*)

DOLLY. Wrenn! Is Mr. MacGinniss comfortable?

WRENN. He ought to be with all the new clothes and fixing he's got from Denver. (*Starts up C.*
DOLLY frowns worriedly)

DOLLY. Wrenn, have you ever overheard Simp or Mr. MacGinniss say anything that led you to believe they knew each other before they met at my cabin.

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WRENN. Can't say I have, Dolly. But Violet's been talkin' a lot lately. Why?

DOLLY. What did she say?

WRENN. Well, I won't repeat all she said—but the jist of her profanity was that she knows something so bad about MacGinniss that it makes Simp Calloway look like an angel. Why?

DOLLY. Some people suspect Mr. MacGinniss of being Simp's partner.

WRENN. (*Wisely*) I've suspicioned him all the time.

DOLLY. You never mentioned it before.

WRENN. You never asked me to.

DOLLY. Fetch him out to see the sunrise.

WRENN. All right. (*Exit WRENN. Going to window R. 2, DOLLY opens it and, taking field-glasses from her desk, cleans the lens carefully, thoughtfully, with her handkerchief. Re-enter WRENN with MACFARLAND. To MACFARLAND*) Come out and see the moonlight.

(*MACFARLAND is very much discouraged.*)

DOLLY. Good-morning!

MACFARLAND. (*Coming down*) Good-morning, Sheriff. (*He salutes gravely*)

DOLLY. Do wish to see the sunrise? (*She hands him the glasses*)

MACFARLAND. Thank you.

DOLLY. (*As he goes to window, sympathetically*) You don't look very chipper this morning.

MACFARLAND. (*Glumly*) I feel about as chipper as a piece of crepe. (*Arrived at window, MACFARLAND adjusts glasses to the view. The sun is rising above the mountains. DOLLY and WRENN cross to c. desk and watch him*) Every time I look at those mountains I imagine I can see the cold gray walls of Sing Sing.

DOLLY. (*To WRENN, handing him box of cigars*) Take him a cigar.

MACFARLAND. (*Still viewing landscape, sadly*) And to think that is the same old sun I used to see in New York!

WRENN. (*Immediately behind him—bluntly*) Have a cigar.

MACFARLAND. (*Taking one*) Thank you.

DOLLY. (*Going to MACFARLAND with box of matches. To WRENN*) Fetch in Simp to beat the rugs.

WRENN. All right, Dolly. (*He returns to c. desk with cigars*)

MACFARLAND. (*Tenderly to DOLLY as he takes match from box*) You've been awfully good to me, Miss Dolly. (*Lights match, then*) I wish I didn't ever have to leave you. (*As he lights cigar, DOLLY, overcome with grief, impulsively lays her head on his shoulder and sobs. MACFARLAND attempts to embrace her. Remembering she is an officer and he a prisoner, she shoves him away from her*)

DOLLY. How dare you! (*Angrily to WRENN*) Fetch in Violet to do the dusting.

WRENN. She ain't up yet.

DOLLY. (*Stamping foot*) Get her up.

WRENN. Up she is, Dolly. Up she is. (*Starts up*)

DOLLY. And fetch a bucket of water, and a sponge.

(*MACFARLAND sits in new desk chair.*)

WRENN. (*Pausing, rear D.*) What yer goin' ter do, give someone a sponge bath?

DOLLY. Mr. MacGinniss is going to wash the windows.

MACFARLAND. (*Rising*) What?

WRENN. Oh, house cleaning, eh? (*Exit rear D., laughing*)

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(DOLLY takes a ten foot dog chain with lock on one end and ring on the other from cabinet and goes to window.)

MACFARLAND. Are you in earnest about the windows?

DOLLY. (*Fastening chain to iron window bar, by slipping chain through ring at end of it*) I certainly am. Take off your coat. (MACFARLAND steps to her desk, lays cigar on it, removes jacket, rolls up shirt sleeves and trouser hems. DOLLY, meanwhile, tests the wristlet lock on one end of chain and the lock on the other end. Then, turning to MACFARLAND, who is rolling up sleeves) Your ankle, please.

(MACFARLAND extends his right foot demurely to her. She locks the wristlet about it.)

MACFARLAND. Thank you. (*As she goes up to safe, MACFARLAND tests length of chain. DOLLY is hanging key in cabinet as SIMP enters*)

(*Enter SIMP rear d. c. He is clad in overalls and blue shirt. Wears half pace leather—and—chain hobbles about his shins.*)

DOLLY. Good-morning, Simp. (*He glares at her*)

MACFARLAND. Good-morning, Simpy.

DOLLY. (*Indicating Navajo rug R. C.*) Pick up that rug.

(*SIMP goes sullenly towards the rug. Enter WRENN, with a pail of water, sponge and drying cloth.*)

WRENN. Here you are, Dolly.

DOLLY. Take them to Mr. MacGinniss.

SIMP. (*Contemptuously to MACFARLAND*) Mister! H——

MACFARLAND. (*To SIMP, warningly*) Easy!

(*The two men glare at each other.*)

DOLLY. (*To SIMP and MACFARLAND*) You're not here to growl. You're here to work. (*She is now R. door. SIMP rolls up the rug. MACFARLAND prepares to wash window, WRENN having delivered bucket and drying cloth, sponge in bucket*)

MACFARLAND. Yes, Simpson, we're here to work. (*Taking cloth*) What's this for? Oh, yes. (*Tucks it under his chin*)

DOLLY. (*To WRENN*) Fetch Violet.

WRENN. (*At R. 2*) She's putting on her Mother Hubbard.

DOLLY. She's had enough time to put on a dozen Mother Hubbards. Fetch her out.

WRENN. Out she is, Dolly! (*Exit WRENN*)

DOLLY. (*L. of SIMP observing him carefully as he rolls up rug lazily*) Simp, it might interest you to know that the bank robbers at Grand Junction have been shot.

(*SIMP glances at her quickly. MACFARLAND ceases his window washing and gazes at SIMP. DOLLY glances first at one, then at the other. Dramatic pause.*)

SIMP. (*With great anxiety, but trying to conceal it; to DOLLY*) Who says they're shot?

DOLLY. Did you know them?

SIMP. (*Taking step toward her—emphatically and insistently*) Who told you they were shot?

DOLLY. (*Calmly*) Did you know them? (*SIMP gazes at DOLLY several moments. A distant train*

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whistle is heard faintly off rear. She is satisfied that he knows them) You did know them, didn't you?

(SIMP returns to his rug-rolling. MACFARLAND resumes washing window. DOLLY goes up to R. 4. As she is going up SIMP makes his way to MACFARLAND. Arrived at the door, DOLLY locks it quietly and puts the key in her waist pocket, keeping her eyes on SIMP and MACFARLAND all the while.)

SIMP. If it hadn't been for you they wouldn't have a got them boys. I'd been there myself to help 'em out. If I ever get out of this jail there won't be enough left on you to call the buzzards.

MACFARLAND. (To DOLLY) Don't let him out.

DOLLY. Were they friends of yours, Mr. MacGinniss?

MACFARLAND. They were not.

DOLLY. Were they, Simp? Did Mr. MacGinniss know those bank robbers?

SIMP. Sure he did.

(MACFARLAND lunges at him but the chain is too short.)

DOLLY. How do you know?

SIMP. (Sarcastic) Why, don't you suppose I know who he is?

DOLLY. Who is he?

SIMP. I'd hate ter tell you. (Crosses to L. with rug over arm)

MACFARLAND. Please unlock my ankle.

(Enter VIOLET, followed by WRENN, carrying the iron ball. VIOLET is dressed in a denham Mother Hubbard and without her massive

blonde switch. She is now a woman of little hair and is rougeless and wan. She looks twenty years older than in ACT III. The chain is attached to her right foot. WRENN places ball on the floor to the right of her. She enters unnoticed by others and does not interrupt the action of the scene.)

DOLLY. (To SIMP) How long have you known Mr. MacGinniss?

SIMP. Years.

DOLLY. How many years?

SIMP. Lots of 'em.

VIOLET. (R. C.) Yes, and so have I.

DOLLY. (To VIOLET) How long have you known him?

VIOLET. Long enough to know what a coyote he is.

DOLLY. I thought you said you met him last winter?

VIOLET. I was stuffing you when I told you that.

DOLLY. You were?

VIOLET. Sure! Why, you little hussy, if I was to tell you how long I've known that turtle dove, and what I know about him——

MACFARLAND. (To DOLLY) Unlock my ankle.

DOLLY. (To VIOLET) Did you know him before Simp knew him?

VIOLET. (Looking meaningly at SIMP) Met him 'bout the same time. Didn't we, Simp?

SIMP. Yeh.

MACFARLAND. Please unlock my ankle.

DOLLY. Where did you meet him?

VIOLET. Cripple Creek. Wasn't it, Simp?

SIMP. Yeh.

MACFARLAND. (In a rage) Unlock my leg!

VIOLET. (To MACFARLAND) You will try to pose as a goody-goody, will you?

DOLLY. (*Calmly, to SIMP and VIOLET*) You are a pair of liars.

VIOLET. What? (*She rushes at her, dragging the iron ball. WRENN puts foot on chain, suspending VIOLET on one foot a few feet from DOLLY*)

DOLLY. (*To VIOLET*) You are a pair of malicious liars. (*To SIMP*) I heard every word you said to Mr. MacGinniss up in my cabin when you thought I was out for water. (*SIMP stares at her*) You never saw him until that night. (*To VIOLET*) And you never saw him until the day he saved your life.

(*Dramatic pause.*)

MACFARLAND. Wrenn, buy Dolly a carload of candy and charge it to New York.

(*WRENN smiles. Crosses L. at back. VIOLET, in extreme anger, opens and clenches hands.*)

DOLLY. (*To SIMP*) Put that down! (*SIMP drops ring. To WRENN*) Put him on bean soup for a week. And her, too.

WRENN. Bean soup it is, Dolly. (*SIMP starts to hit WRENN*) Now you start something!

(*They cross to c.*)

SIMP. (*To MACFARLAND*) Hey there you damn dude! When you get through with them windows, you can black my boots.

(*MACFARLAND throws wet sponge at SIMP and hits his face, ad lib row as WRENN drags SIMP off c.*)

DOLLY. (*To VIOLET who has been glaring at her*) Go to your cell.

VIOLET. You little—

DOLLY. Go to your cell or we'll carry you there on a stretcher.

VIOLET. Oh, I'm not afraid of your old stretcher.

MACFARLAND. The next time I'll let you sink.

WRENN. (*Enters c., taking VIOLET off*) Now you start something.

VIOLET. (*To WRENN and holding ball in a threatening position*) Oh, wouldn't I like to bounce this ball on your bean!

(WRENN seizes the ball and wrangles her off. Another row as he and VIOLET exit rear l.)

MACFARLAND. (*As DOLLY comes down*) Miss Kamman, won't you please take breakfast with me this morning?

DOLLY. Wash your window.

MACFARLAND. It is washed. Now I'm going to dry it. (*He uses curtains*)

DOLLY. Stop that!

MACFARLAND. Wrenn! Oh, Wrenn!

DOLLY. (*Now at desk*) Never mind Wrenn. Wash that window.

WRENN. (*In doorway*) What do you want?

DOLLY. (*To WRENN*) Nothing.

MACFARLAND. (*To WRENN*) I want my breakfast. Come here, Sir Christopher.

WRENN. (*Quickly, taking order pad from coat pocket as he comes down—importantly*) What will you have for breakfast?

MACFARLAND. Two large juicy steaks—French fried potatoes—a little caviar—some mushrooms—four fried eggs—two on one side and two on the other—asparagus—a cup of coffee and a dish of strawberries and cream.

WRENN. You can't think of anything else, can you?

MACFARLAND. Have you got anything else?

WRENN. I don't think we've got this.

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MACFARLAND. Then what are you writing it down for?

WRENN. I'm learning how to spell.

DOLLY. (*Dryly but with unmistakable emphasis*) There has been more than one jailer jailed for disobeying orders.

(WRENN glances at her—sees she means business.)

WRENN. (*Pocketing order book, starts up*) All right, Dolly.

MACFARLAND. (*Remonstrating*) But——

DOLLY. If you say another word I'll put you on bean soup, too.

MACFARLAND. (*Demurely*) Yes, ma'am. (*He resumes window-drying—uses the cloth*)

DOLLY. (*To WRENN, indicating rug L. c.*) Take that rug and beat it until there isn't a speck of dust left.

WRENN. (*Going to L. c.*) Gee, I'd rather be a prisoner in this jail. (WRENN picks up rug L. c. goes up R. 4, and exits)

(*'Phone rings.*)

DOLLY. (*At 'phone*) Hello—Yes, this is the county jail—No, but this is the deputy—The sheriff will not be down until noon. He can't be disturbed.—No, he shot two men yesterday and is resting. Who is this? (*Greatly surprised*) Oh—Yes, we received your telegram but the sheriff was expecting you on the noon train—I see. By the way of Grand Junction—Certainly, come right on up. (*Hanging up the receiver, DOLLY goes to her desk, takes a hand towel from drawer, goes to MACFARLAND. Handing him towel*) Dry your hands. (*She picks up bucket, etc., and places them under her desk*)

MACFARLAND. (*Glancing at window, then at her, discouraged*) I never could wash windows, anyhow.

DOLLY. The window is all right.

MACFARLAND. Then what's the matter?

DOLLY. The New York officers are coming.

MACFARLAND. (*Amazed*) What?

DOLLY. The New York officers are coming.

MACFARLAND. (*Excited*) When?

DOLLY. They are on their way up here now. Give me your ankle.

MACFARLAND. (*Obeys eagerly*) Why didn't you tell me before?

DOLLY. (*Unlocking wristlet*) We weren't expecting them until noon. (*Rising*) Go to your cell. (*Crosses c.*)

MACFARLAND. I shall do no such thing.

DOLLY. (*Facing him, stamping foot*) I told you to go to your cell.

MACFARLAND. Yes, but I have something to say to you. (*Crosses c.*)

DOLLY. I don't want to hear it. (*She is now at desk*)

MACFARLAND. (*Rapidly, earnestly*) I insist I'm no criminal. I made a bet of thirty thousand dollars with Art Sole and Thornton Brown that I could commit a crime and escape every officer of the law for one year. I forged a check on my friend Brown—and here I am.

DOLLY. (*Amazed*) Are you telling me the truth?

MACFARLAND. Yes.

DOLLY. Honestly?

MACFARLAND. Upon my honor. They chased me from Portland, Me, to Puget Sound; from Newark to New Orleans, but they couldn't keep in sight of me. And I would have won if it hadn't been for you.

DOLLY. I'm awfully sorry I caught you.

MACFARLAND. I'm not. I'm glad. It's worth thirty times thirty thousand dollars just to meet a girl like you. (*Clenching hands*) What I regret

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is that Sole and Brown didn't have sense enough to stay away from the Atlantic Ocean. They're the ones that are sending me to prison, not you.

DOLLY. (*With quiet determination*) If you are not a criminal, you are not going to prison.

MACFARLAND. How can I help it? The only men who know the truth are gone and——

DOLLY. You are not going back to New York.

MACFARLAND. (*Dumbfounded*) What?

DOLLY. (*Quickly and anxiously*) Can you ride a horse?

MACFARLAND. If it is old enough.

DOLLY. Go back to your cell. Hurry. (*Forcing him up c.*)

MACFARLAND. (*Backing slowly towards rear door*) What are you going to do?

DOLLY. Keep you out of prison.

MACFARLAND. How?

DOLLY. By letting you escape.

MACFARLAND. You are not.

DOLLY. (*Emphatically indignant*) Whose prisoner are you, anyway?

MACFARLAND. Yours, but——

DOLLY. Go back to your cell. (MACFARLAND *shakes head*. DOLLY *tries to pull him up-stage towards rear door*. *Exasperated*) Every second you stand here talking puts you that much nearer Sing Sing.

MACFARLAND. (*Nodding slowly*) And before I would let you disgrace yourself by turning me loose, I would walk all the way to Sing Sing and put on my own ball and chain.

(*Re-enter WRENN, R. 4, with rug.*)

WRENN. (*Re-entering*) What's next, Dolly?

DOLLY. Er—er—Get Mr. MacGinniss' breakfast.

WRENN. (*Puzzled*) But I thought you said——

DOLLY. Never mind what I said. Get his breakfast. (*She opens door R. 4*)

WRENN. All right, Dolly—breakfast she is. (*Looks for the place to put rug down. To MACFARLAND*) Here, you hold it. (*WRENN gives rug to MACFARLAND. He throws it on floor as WRENN runs off R.*)

MACFARLAND. (*As DOLLY closes door*) What are you trying to do?

DOLLY. (*Coming down*) Keep him away until you've escaped.

MACFARLAND. I am not going to escape.

DOLLY. (*Earnestly. MACFARLAND to L. of desk, she at up side*) Mr. MacGinniss, you are my friend. You proved it that night up in the cabin when you had me dead to rights. You proved it when you saved me from Simp Calloway and helped me catch him. You proved it the day you brought me that key. You are my friend, and as my friend, I would rather see the sage brush growing above you than to have you wearing prison stripes. (*Laying her hand gently on his arm*) Now I have lots of friends over in Arizona who will do anything I ask. I want you to go there.

MACFARLAND. (*Musingly*) Just how far is it to Arizona?

DOLLY. A seven days' ride.

MACFARLAND. Horse back?

DOLLY. Yes.

MACFARLAND. Count me out.

DOLLY. But it means your freedom.

MACFARLAND. (*Laying his hand gently on her forearm*) I would rather be a live convict in Sing Sing than a dead free man in Arizona.

DOLLY. (*Cross L.*) Mr. MacGinniss, I have reasoned with you, I have pleaded with you. Now it is gonig to be either Arizona or the graveyard. Which will you take?

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MACFARLAND. Let me think it over.

DOLLY. (*Drawing Colts*) Which?

MACFARLAND. (*Swallowing with difficulty*)
Arizona.

DOLLY. (*Holstering Colts*) Run into the cell room and wait till I call you. Hurry! (*She runs to rear D. C. and opens it*)

MACFARLAND. (*At door c.*) I won't budge an inch until you promise to give me a gentle horse with three big pillows in the saddle.

DOLLY. A dozen if you want them. And I'll give you a letter of introduction along the line. (*She takes his arm and starts up with him*) But hurry!

MACFARLAND. (*To DOLLY, who stands beside the open door*) I feel as tho something dreadful was going to happen when I get on that horse.

DOLLY. Nonsense. (*Shoving him off, she closes door and bolts it, hastens back to desk, picks up 'phone. In 'phone*) 24, please—Send a horse down to the jail right away—Something gentle but fast. That's it. A cross between a Standpatter and a Progressive—Hurry. (*She shoves the receiver on hook, grabs a pad of writing-paper from desk drawer and dipping pen in ink-stand writes, rapidly but carefully. Pause of several moments. There is knocking at R. 4. Gruffly*) Come in. (*Enter BROWN and SOLE, R. 4. DOLLY keeps on writing. BROWN goes toward her. SOLE inspects bulletin board*)

BROWN. (*Affably to DOLLY who does not look up*) I beg your pardon, but is the deputy sheriff in?

DOLLY. Yes.

BROWN. May we see him?

DOLLY. Yes. (*SOLE joins BROWN. They are R. of desk. They glance at their watches, then at each other; then at DOLLY. Returning watches to pocket, they glance again at each other then at DOLLY,*

writing, again take watches from pockets and glance at them. DOLLY, writing, seems oblivious of their presence. Pause)

SOLE. (*Watch in hand, sternly*) When may we see him?

BROWN. (*Pleasantly*) Yes, *when?*

DOLLY. (*Writing*) You have been looking at him ever since you entered.

BROWN. (*Amazed*) Are you?

DOLLY. I am. (*Blotting letter*) I suppose you are the New York officials?

SOLE. We are.

DOLLY. (*Taking envelope from drawer*) Then why didn't you introduce yourselves? (*The men stroke their chins uncomfortably as DOLLY folds letter. Putting letter in envelope*) I am a lady even if I am a deputy sheriff. (*She seals the letter with a blow of her fist*)

SOLE. (*Stiffly*) We beg your pardon.

BROWN. We offer you our humble apologies. (*Extending cigar case*) Smoke?

DOLLY. (*Taking cigar without looking at BROWN*) Thanks. (*She lays cigar on desk and addresses envelope. BROWN makes long face. It was his last cigar*) I suppose you would like to see Mr. MacGinniss?

SOLE. (*Somewhat sharply*) That's what we came two thousand miles for.

DOLLY. (*Blotting envelope*) He's out at the Fair Grounds.

BROWN. The Fair Grounds?

DOLLY. Yes—out on the race track. (*She lays cigar on envelope*)

SOLE. I 'phoned up not fifteen minutes ago and you said he was here.

DOLLY. (*Replacing writing pad*) He was—but he is taking his exercises now.

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BROWN. (*Smiling broadly*) Just what kind of exercise?

DOLLY. Breaking broncos. (BROWN *laughs*
DOLLY *glances at him sharply*)

SOLE. (*Quickly*) Where are the Fair Grounds?

DOLLY. Two miles and a half straight north. You can see them from here. (*Points to window*)

SOLE. (*Looking from window*) Is there a taxi-cab in this town?

DOLLY. No.

(*Auto horn heard off R.*)

BROWN. There's one now.

DOLLY. That's an automobile.

SOLE. (*Rushing to door R.*) Stop it!

(SOLE and BROWN *rush to door and off shouting*
Stop that car! Stop it!)

DOLLY. (*Running to door c. and calling off*) All right. (MACFARLAND *enters wearing hat as in Act I. A horse is heard coming*) Did you hear us?

MACFARLAND. Not a word.

DOLLY. (*Going quickly to desk R., gives MACFARLAND letter she has written*) Here's the letter of introduction. And here's a cigar from New York City. (*Giving him cigar. MACFARLAND puts letter in pocket. Kisses cigar and puts it in mouth. DOLLY running to door R.*) Goody! There's your horse.

MACFARLAND. (*With a sickly smile*) Oh yes, my horse.

DOLLY. (*Extending hand*) Good-bye. (*Holds her hand out to him*)

MACFARLAND. (*As they shake hands*) Miss Dolly, won't you step over into Arizona once in a while for Sunday dinner?

DOLLY. (*Smiling as she tries to get him away*) This is no time for dinner arrangements—Hurry.

MACFARLAND. Dolly, if I get out of this alive, won't you take all of your meals with me sometime?

DOLLY. Yes—but this is no time for sentiment. Hurry! (*She runs to cabinet*) Wait a minute—your spurs.

MACFARLAND. Gee, have I got to wear spurs?

DOLLY. (*Giving MACFARLAND spurs which he puts on wrong*) Now, listen: Keep up a steady trot every day from sun-up to sun-down for a week. But whatever you do, don't spur your horse in the flank.

MACFARLAND. Where are his flanks? I'll bet five thousand dollars I've drawn a bucking broncho!

DOLLY. No you haven't, but be careful. *Don't spur too far back.* (*Opening door R.*) Now remember—three days West—four days South, and you are there.

MACFARLAND. Dolly, I love you.

DOLLY. (*Shoving him toward door*) I like you too, but this is no time for—confessions.

MACFARLAND. (*Turning in doorway*) Dolly, if I get out of this alive, I'll come back, but it won't be on horse-back. Good-bye, Dolly, and God bless you. (*MACFARLAND exits R. DOLLY closes door. MACFARLAND'S voice is heard off. MACFARLAND off-stage*) Is this the horse? Nice horsie. Nice horsie! I'm not going to hurt you. Nice horsie! (*There is a violent noise of horse's hoofs. It clatters and then breaks into a wild gallop*) Whoa! Stop him! Stop him! Whoa!

DOLLY. (*Calling from door*) Take your spurs out of his flanks! (*Slams door and rushes back to desk and grabs telephone*) 24. Gord! What kind of a horse did you send down here? —You did not. Don't try to explain. Send me my Mollie

mare the quickest you ever did anything in your life. I told you I wanted a gentle horse. You did not. (*Slams receiver on hook*)

KAMMAN. (*Entering R. 3, laughing*) Ha, ha, ha!

DOLLY. (*Surprised*) I thought I told you to take a nap.

KAMMAN. (*Closing door*) A cup of coffee and a cold wash made me a new man. (*Crossing to desk laughing*) Did you see that tenderfoot going down the road a minute ago?

DOLLY. (*Anxiously*) What about him?

KAMMAN. Funniest sight I ever saw. Horse on a dead run—cloud of dust—tenderfoot hanging on to the saddle horn hollerin' "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!"

DOLLY. (*Coming down*) Did he fall off?

KAMMAN. (*Lighting cigar*) He was still sticking on the last I saw of him.

DOLLY. Good.

KAMMAN. (*Puzzled*) What?

DOLLY. I always did feel sorry for a tenderfoot

KAMMAN. (*Starting towards door c.*) Guess I'll take a look at our five thousand dollar part-ridge.

DOLLY. (*With forced calmness*) Who do you mean?

KAMMAN. MacGinniss. How is he?

DOLLY. All right, the last time I saw him.

KAMMAN. That's good. (*He exits c.* DOLLY stands at desk, hands clenched. KAMMAN re-enters, quickly and angrily) Dolly! Where's MacGinniss?

DOLLY. You should know better than I. You saw him last. (*She crosses to desk R.*)

KAMMAN. (*Following her*) Answer me! Where's MacGinniss?

DOLLY. The last I saw of him, he was going down the road in a cloud of dust.

KAMMAN. (*Dumfounded*) Was that him?

DOLLY. Yes.

KAMMAN. (*Raging*) Where's Wrenn?

DOLLY Getting Mr. MacGinniss' breakfast.

KAMMAN. So, that was it? Wrenn on an errand; the old man in bed; and his deputy turning the prize prisoner loose! So that was the game, was it!

DOLLY. It looks that way, doesn't it?

KAMMAN. (*With awful calmness*) Well, we'll soon knock that little romance in the head. (*He reaches for the telephone. DOLLY snatches it from him*) Give me that 'phone.

DOLLY I'll do no such thing.

KAMMAN. Dolly—(*He goes towards her. She is at L. of desk as far as the 'phone cord will permit*) Give me that 'phone. (*She jerks 'phone from connection*) Dolly!!

DOLLY. (*Calmly*) Mr. MacGinniss is an innocent man. (*Tosses telephone in waste basket*)

KAMMAN. I am Sheriff of this County. (*He starts for door R. DOLLY gets to it first, locks it and stands with her back to door*) Let me out! Let me out! Unlock that door! I've got to get that man!

DOLLY. Father, we are going to talk it over calmly first.

KAMMAN. Dolly Kamman, you unlock that door! I've got to get that man!

(*Tense pause, then sharp knocking at the door.*)

DOLLY. Who is it?

SOLE. (*Outside*) The New York officers.

KAMMAN. (*Amazed*) What!!! (*Crosses L. in dismay. DOLLY unlocks the door. Enter SOLE and BROWN mopping faces and fanning selves with their hats*)

SOLE. (*Coming down angrily to DOLLY*) Mac-

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Ginniss is not at the Fair Grounds. He never was there. (*Mops face with handkerchief*)

KAMMAN. (*Now at left center*) Officers, as Sheriff of this County, it is my painful duty to inform you that the prisoner has escaped.

BROWN. (R.) What?

SOLE. (*Louder. R. C.*) What?

KAMMAN. MacGinniss is gone.

(*Tense pause. KAMMAN ashamed but brave, SOLE angry. BROWN amused, DOLLY resolutely calm.*)

SOLE. (*To DOLLY*) Say, you're behind this!

KAMMAN. (*To SOLE*) If you have anything to say, say it to me—I'm Sheriff of this county.

SOLE. But your deputy let the prisoner escape.

KAMMAN. (*Going to him*) It don't make any difference what my deputy did. If you have anything to say, say it to me. Don't try to jump on my little girl.

SOLE. (*Now close to and face to face with him*) If we were alone, Sheriff, I'd give you the worst—

KAMMAN. (*Angry*) Well, it won't take very darned long to git alone. (*To DOLLY kindly*) Dolly, you just step down and get the mail.

DOLLY. I will do no such thing. (*She crosses to SOLE*) I am the cause of all this. I turned the prisoner loose. I don't deny it. I'm proud of it. *He is as innocent as a dove!*

SOLE. (*With supercilious smile*) How do you know?

DOLLY. Instinct tell's me.

SOLE. (*Looking at BROWN cynically*) Instinct?

DOLLY. (*Indignant*) Well, whose prisoner is he anyhow? I caught him, didn't I? You didn't catch him. You never would have caught him. (*BROWN and KAMMAN laugh*) And yet you come out here

and try to tell me what I can and what I can't do with my own prisoner. I may be a lady, sir, but when it comes to getting personal, I can be just as much of a man as you are.

BROWN. (*Drolly serious*) Sheriff, just what is your deputy's name?

DOLLY. Dolly.

BROWN. Miss Dolly, permit me to introduce you to your vanquished foe, Mr. Arthur Sole. Mr. Sole will treat the crowd immediately.

DOLLY. (*Staring at SOLE in blank amazement*) Sole? Arthur Sole? (SOLE *nods*) I thought you were drowned?

SOLE. No,—I'm one of the souls that were saved.

DOLLY. But someone telegraphed Mr. MacGinniss that you had been lost in the Atlantic Ocean.

(*A horse is heard approaching off rear.*)

SOLE. That was a little joke on the part of my friend Brown. (SOLE *indicates* BROWN)

DOLLY. (*Gazing at BROWN*) Brown? Thornton Brown?

BROWN. Who told you?

DOLLY. Then neither of you was drowned?

SOLE. No.

DOLLY. Not at all?

BROWN. Not once.

DOLLY. (*Rushing to cabinet for her hat*) Oh, what have I done! What have I done! (*She starts for door*)

KAMMAN. Where are you going?

DOLLY. To Arizona, to bring that poor lamb back.

SOLE. (*Astonished*) Did you send him to Arizona?

DOLLY. (*Jamming hat on her head*) Yes.

BROWN. Horseback?

DOLLY. Yes. (*She dashes out*)

KAMMAN. (*Following to door*) Dolly! (*There is the sound of clattering hoofs on a dead run which dies away.* BROWN laughs. KAMMAN looks at them puzzled. He then hastens to desk and awkwardly tries to connect telephone wires)

BROWN. (*Down L.*) How far is it to Arizona?

KAMMAN. (*Busy with wires*) Seven days. (*Receives shock from wires and drops them*) Ouch!

BROWN. Horseback?

KAMMAN. Yes. (BROWN roars with laughter, and SOLE who is down R. smiles broadly) I don't see anything so darned funny about it.

BROWN. You don't know George. (*He dives into couch face down, and roars with laughter*) Seven days on a bucking broncho! (*Ad lib business and laughter. Imitates bucking broncho rider*)

KAMMAN. (*To SOLE*) Will you tell me who the devil is MacGinniss?

SOLE. (*Down R., lighting cigar*) George MacFarland, one of the richest young men in New York.

KAMMAN. That kind of a crook, eh?

SOLE. No crook at all. He never stole anything in his life.

KAMMAN. Then what in thunder are you chasing him for?

SOLE. On a bet.

KAMMAN. A what?

SOLE. He said he would escape every officer of the law for one year. So we faked up a crime, he beat it, and we've been chasing him ever since.

KAMMAN. Is that straight goods?

BROWN. Yes, sir.

(*Enter MARTHA R. walking backwards and carrying the end of a lariat. She pulls, keeping the line taut, and about ten feet behind her comes MAC-*

FARLAND. *His arms are wrapped tightly to his sides by the lariat. He is hatless, dirty and torn. But the New York cigar, altho broken, is still in one corner of his mouth.)*

MACFARLAND. *(When MARTHA has hauled him on and down c. Dazed)* Whoa! Nice horsie! I won't spur you in the flanks!

BROWN. *(With rising inflection)* Georgie!

KAMMAN. *(To MARTHA)* Where did you find him?

MARTHA. Hanging on our picket fence.

KAMMAN. *(As the others laugh)* What?

MARTHA. I recognized him as the New York criminal, and wrapped him up and brought him back.

MACFARLAND. *(Stupidly looking at BROWN)* Zree days westh—four days souf—don't spur him in the flanks.

BROWN. *(Holding out his hand)* Georgie.

(MACFARLAND looks at BROWN. Blinks, looks at him again. Turns his head away, then tries it again. He seems to be hypnotized.)

MACFARLAND. I'm seeing things. Brown! *(Turns and sees SOLE)* Sole! Pinch me, somebody.

BROWN. Georgie.

MACFARLAND. Thornt!—*(Laughs hysterically and falls on BROWN's shoulder)* How did you get out of the Ocean?

BROWN. Did you get to Arizona?

(Horse approaching.)

MACFARLAND. No, it was fenced in. Take me down to Rector's.

SOLE. (*Going to him*) Mighty glad to see you George. Shake.

MACFARLAND. (*Whose hands are tied. Indicating BROWN*) Give it to him—I don't want it.

DOLLY. (*Rushing in very excited*) Well, I found his horse, but I can't find him.

MACFARLAND. Here I am, Dolly.

DOLLY. (*Amazed*) Where did you come from?

MACFARLAND. Off the picket fence.

(*Clock strikes nine.*)

SOLE. (*Down R.*) Nine o'clock, the year is up. It was a fair bet, the strong arm of the law has you and you lose.

MACFARLAND. Yes, I lose.

DOLLY. He does not lose.

SOLE. You caught him and you are a deputy sheriff.

DOLLY. I wasn't a deputy sheriff when I caught him.

SOLE. (*Quickly and anxiously*) What?

DOLLY. Father made me a deputy sheriff *after* I caught him.

(KAMMAN and MACFARLAND laugh.)

SOLE. (*Looking at BROWN and stroking chin*) Oh, hell.

BROWN. (*Same business*) Oh, ditto.

(BROWN and SOLE take checks from wallets.)

SOLE. You won, MacFarland, but the next time we bet on the strong arm of the law, women won't count.

MACFARLAND. Women always count. Thirty thousand dollars please, gentlemen. (*Both hand*

MACFARLAND *checks* and BROWN *crosses to SOLE at R.*) Many happy returns of the day.

BROWN. (*Smiling*) Same to you and many of 'em.

SOLE. (*To BROWN*) Come on, this is no place for a nervous man.

BROWN. (*To MACFARLAND who is handing checks to DOLLY*) Georgie—we'll be waiting at the church.

(BROWN and SOLE start for door R. arm in arm.
They exit arm in arm during following.)

MACFARLAND. Won't you please kiss me, Dolly?

DOLLY. (*To KAMMAN*) Is that one of the duties of the deputy sheriff?

KAMMAN. (*Who is near door R. with MARTHA*) I did it, when I was one.

MARTHA. (*Shocked*) Bertram! (*KAMMAN laughs as MARTHA pushes him off R. and follows him off*)

MACFARLAND. Dolly, I want to be your prisoner for life. May I? (*As MACFARLAND embraces DOLLY, WRENN enters from R. with basket, sees situation, puts basket down and exits through C. door throwing up his arms in disgust*)

Curtain

THE SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Oct. 7th. MacFarland's apartment in New York.

ACT II

Sept. 30th. A hunting shack in Southwestern Colorado.

ACT III

Two days later. The County Jail at Delta, Colorado.

ACT IV

Four days later. The same.

PLACE: *New York and Colorado.*

TIME: *The present.*

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

GEORGE MACFARLAND, 28 of New York, well dressed, well built clubman. Well fed and perfectly satisfied with himself and apparently dissatisfied with everything else. After the first act, play "MAC" for all the romance possible.

SIMP CALLOWAY, 35, is a wiry man, with several days' growth of beard (this is optional with the actor playing the part, though he should not be "clean") He is quick as a cat, a bit stoop-shouldered; every line of his body suggests alertness, and apprehension. Has a drawl.

ARTHUR SOLE, 45. Detective. Tall slender man, with deep set eyes, a stern face and quiet manners. Smooth shaven.

THORNTON BROWN, 30. Friend of MacFarland. Jovial and breezy young lawyer. Bright and with a keen sense of humor.

"**BUCK**" **KAMMAN**, 50. A Colorado Sheriff. A big bronzed-skinned man. Rough, but tender-hearted. Has a gruff voice.

"**WRENN**" **RIGLEY**, 40. The Jailer. A bulky bald-headed man, smooth shaven, red faced, good natured.

WILLIAM, 35. A quiet manservant, used to the whims of MacFarland and meets each situation with the stoic sense of humor that is a genuine treat in a valet.

MARTHA, 40. A lovable and motherly woman, very tender and thoughtful, and careful to say the right and proper thing at all times. A bit

perturbed and apt to be frightened, but at peace with the world in general.

VIOLET, 35. A chemical "blonde" of uncertain vintage, and the type of "woman" that the cow men "take up" with for a time. Breezy and slangy, and not over-burdened with morals and view-points. In the last act all the "steam" is gone.

DOLLY KAMMAN, 18. A splendid type of the Western girl, full of life, and with an air and manner that would break a bronco or blaze her trail into a drawing-room. She speaks quickly, thinks quickly, and when a tense situation presents itself, can master and dominate all others. A broad mind, a tender heart, believes in romance, and has a disposition and manner that makes her a "winner".

COSTUMES PLOT

GEORGE MACFARLAND:—

ACT I. Tuxedo suit. Loose dressing gown.

ACT II. Badly torn hunter's uniform. Heavy walking boots. Four days' growth of beard. Hunting belt containing Colts in holster on one side and large knife in holster on the other. Between them are cartridges. He carries a big Winchester rifle, 38.70 calibre.

ACT III. Same.

ACT IV. Same, with hat from ACT I. For last entrance, arms are wrapped tightly with lariat, hatless, dirty and torn.

ARTHUR SOLE:—

ACT I. Wears dark blue clothes all through play.

THORNTON BROWN:—

ACT I. Conventional clothes for lawyer all through play.

BUCK KAMMAN:—

ACT II. Heavy sandy moustache, much used suit of corduroy, riding boots, and a "Sheriff" Stetson hat. Revolver and watch. Bandana.

ACT III. Fresh shaven. Clean suit of light green corduroy. Well oiled boots with tops under trouser legs. A new Stetson hat.

ACT IV. Haggard and dirty. Week's growth

of beard. The new hat of Act III is now battered and torn, a limp felt thing. One coat sleeve is ripped from wrist to shoulder.

SIMP CALLOWAY:—

ACT II. Several days' growth of beard. Stoop shouldered. Faded blue riding jumper and overalls. An old pair of plain leather "schapps". Large Colts in holster. Blue bandana about the neck and Mexican boots.

ACT IV. Old blue flannel shirt and overalls without schapps.

WRENN RIGLEY:—

ACT III. Smooth shaven, red face. Loose fitting black linen coat, black baggy kneed pants, and a black sateen shirt. Green tie. Blue bandana.

ACT IV. Lay-down linen collar. Orange colored tie.

WILLIAM:—

ACT I. Black suit, black tie.

MARTHA:—

ACT III. Calico house dress and sun-bonnet.

VIOLET:—

ACT III. A very flashy bright-colored skirt, many rings, much rouge and a large picture hat with large plumes.

ACT IV. Denham "Mother-Hubbard", Rougeless and wan.

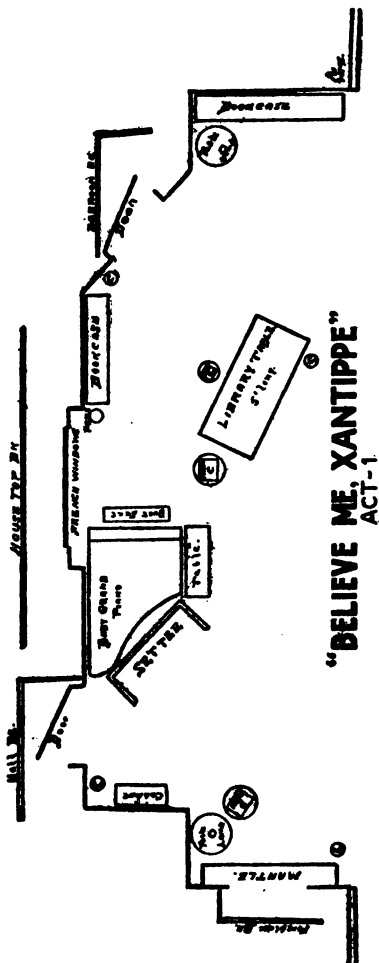
DOLLY KAMMAN:

ACT II. Neat buckskin skirt and leggins. Blue flannel shirt. Dark leather jacket, hat, gauntlets.

BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE

Act III. Dark skirt, light shirtwaist, bare-headed.

Act IV. Kimono, handkerchief. Back of the screen change to white skirt, shirtwaist, and colored necktie.



PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

Hardwood floor cloth to cover stage
Large medallion
Rugs to dress
Large fur rug front of fireplace
Baby grand piano
Duet seat for same
Popular music on piano
Library table 5 ft. long
Oblong table
2 Round tables, 24 in.
1, 4 ft. bookcase
1, 6 ft. bookcase
1 Cabinet
Mantel
Mirror over mantel
Iron fire irons, dogs, etc.
Large brass fender for fireplace
2 Extra large arm chairs
1 Arm chair
4 Straight chairs
1 Settee
1 Pedestal
1 Statue for pedestal
Heavy plush curtains for windows
Lace curtains for windows
Mahogany clock for mantel
2 Large brass candlesticks for mantel
1 Tobacco jar on mantel

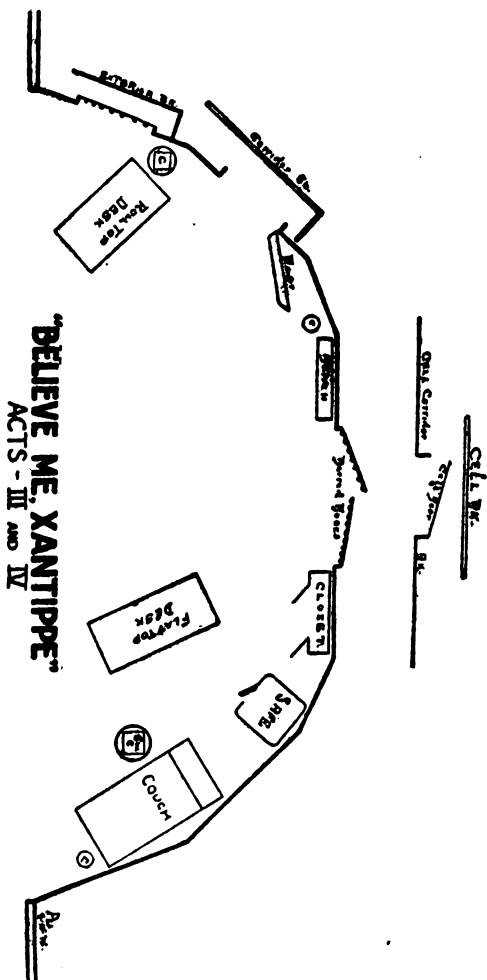
Box of cigars on table c.
Matches in stand
Ash receivers about stage
Cheque book
Writing materials on desk
Large desk blotter, etc.
Fountain pen for "BROWN"
Fountain pen for "MAC"
Cigarettes
A "\$100.00 bill" for "SOLE"
Pocketbook for "SOLE"
Silver-plated tape measure for "SOLE"
Note book for "SOLE"
Nickel-plated pocket-size flashlight for "SOLE"
Magnifying lens for "SOLE"
Small pair of silver-plated calipers for "SOLE"
Large batch of photographs for "MAC"
Small pocket-size kodak for "SOLE"
Desk telephone set
New York Telephone book

ACT II

Ground cloth to cover stage
Hood mantel
Rough hand-made furniture throughout
Table 48 in. x 30 in.
4 Chairs
Washstand and water bucket
Cupboard with dishes
Rustic headstead, made out of pine saplings roped
together and provided with rope springs upon
which are pine boughs
Canvas covered camp bed, rolled up and tied ready
to use
Bench

- 1 Blue steel 45-70 Cal. Colt revolver in holster.
Army and Navy model. New—"MAC"
- 6 Cartridge belts with loaded cartridges
- 1 Winchester rifle for "DOLLY"
- Wooden candlestick with candle
- Matches
- Large hunting knife in sheath for "MAC"
- Matches for "MAC"
- Tin dipper for water bucket
- Small badger for "MAC" (or squirrel)
- Pipe and tobacco for "MAC"
- Wash basin
- Towel, on back of cupboard door
- Bar of soap
- Piece of gunny-sack
- Tin basin in cupboard
- Several pieces of kindling wood
- Silver match safe for "MAC"
- Tooth brush for "MAC"
- $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel of potatoes in sack
- 1 Sharp potato knife
- Heavy bolt and lock on c. door, with key
- A small size 22 cal. Winchester is concealed in the
blankets of the camp bed
- Tin coffee pot, in cupboard
- Tin coffee can containing coffee, ground; in cup-
board
- Large box of parlor matches in cupboard
- Cigarettes for "SIMP"; (preferably cigarette
papers and tobacco)
- Deck of playing cards in cupboard
- Another wooden candlestick with candle in cup-
board
- 2, 45 cal. single action revolvers for "KAMMAN"
and "SHERIFF"
- 1, 32 cal. blue steel Smith & Wesson revolver for
"DOLLY"

BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE



ACT III

Ground cloth to cover stage

4 Navajo blanket rugs

1 Flat-top desk, oak

1 Swivel chair for same

1 Leather cushion for same

1 Office safe

1 Old-fashioned desk

1 High-back swivel chair for same

1 Leather cushion in same

1 Clothes cabinet

1 Rifle or gun rack, with rifles and handcuffs hung
on pegs

Great quantity of papers on desks

Materials for writing, etc., on both desks

2 Waste paper baskets, almost filled with material

Heavy iron bolts on doors

White sign printed "NO ADMITTANCE"

Black bulletin board on which are thumb tacked
notices of "REWARD", "LOST, STRAYED
or STOLEN" notices, etc. Also boldly printed
circular reading:

\$5,000.00 REWARD

FOR THE CAPTURE OF GEORGE MAGGIN-
NISS

Description

.....
.....

Door R. 2, sign painted "COUNTY JAIL", below
that "SHERIFF'S OFFICE"

Large faded map of Colorado, on R. wall

Large map of the United States on L. wall

Stack of old record books on top of safe

Old spittoon

6 Remington rifles—38-70 cal.

Whiskey flask in drawer of desk

Tumbler for "WRENN"

Key

Box of cigars for "BUCK"

Telegram for "BUCK"

Desk telephone set on desk

Old-fashioned faded couch down R.

Pair of large spurs in closet

Clothes of various sorts in closet

Matches

Cell key

Horse effect off R.

Curtains and shade on window R.	{ Concealed in the tin foil is a large skeleton key, and small 3-cornered file.
------------------------------------	--

Newspaper cornucopia containing immense bunch of
mountain flowers, "VIOLET"

The stem of bouquet is long, wrapped with tin-foil,
and black thread

Iron ball and chain, prac., with iron band for
"MAC" ankle

Large pocket knife for "WRENN"

Pencil and paper in drawer of desk

ACT IV

(Same set as Act III)

Rooster crow off R., three different effects

A new roll top desk and chair are now R.

Small gold framed landscape picture over desk

Pretty wicker waste basket near desk

A wolf rug in front of couch which is now L.

A large bear skin rug in front of it
 The entire room is more orderly and the maps hang
 straight on the walls
 The books are arranged neatly on a scalloped edge
 cloth
 New neat white blotters on desk
 Spittoon removed and replaced by small stand upon
 which rests an Indian flower pot with a fern
 Bobcat rug in front of c. desk
 The windows are now draped with short lace cur-
 tains tied with pink ribbons
 Vase of flowers on desk
 Horse effect off R.
 Large white pillow on couch
 Large Navajo blanket to cover "DOLLY" on couch
 Green portable screen leaning against the wall in
 corner, above couch
 Dog bark off R.
 Shots off R.
 Empty shells for "BUCK" in Colts
 Telegram
 Box of cigars in desk drawer, 3 cigars wrapped in
 tin foil
 Set of field glasses
 Box of matches
 Ten feet of dog chain with lock and ring on one
 end
 Chain hobbles for "MAC"
 Pail of water, sponge and drying cloth for
 "WRENN"
 Order pad for "WRENN"
 Hand towel in desk drawer
 Pad of writing paper in desk drawer
 Envelope in desk drawer
 The desk telephone in this act must be prac. to break
 connection
 Long lariat which is used to tie up "MAC"

Broken cigar for "MAC"

Clock, and clock strike

Cheques in wallets for "BROWN" and "SOLE"

Basket for "WRENN"

Auto horn off R.

Train whistle

ELECTRICAL PLOT

ACT I

NOTE: The arrangement of your footlights and ceiling border for this play, should be as follows:

In your footlights have

The first Six (6) globes RED

The next Four (4) globes PINK

The next Ten (10) globes AMBER

The remainder of the globes STRAW

In your ceiling border have

The first Four (4) globes RED

The next Four (4) globes PINK

The next Eight (8) globes AMBER

The remainder of the globes STRAW

By using the lights in this manner the best lighting and results can be obtained.

AT RISE: HANDSOME INTERIOR.

Footlights FULL UP

Ceiling border $\frac{3}{4}$ UP

Blue arcs outside window at back c.

AMBER bunches in R. U. E. and L. U. E.

ORANGE glow in fireplace R. I.

4, 2-light brackets with ROSE silk shades on walls, LIGHTED.

2 stand lamps on tables, LIGHTED.

134 BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE

Electric wall plate switch on wall U. L.
Desk telephone, with PRAC. bell box on set, to
ring from prompt.
Electric vest pocket flash light to be used by
character.
"Your lights work changes in this act".

ACT II

AT RISE: ROUGH INTERIOR

Footlights $\frac{1}{2}$.
Ceiling border $\frac{1}{2}$.
RED Arcs outside window and door at back, to
change to Blue.
Dull AMBER glow from room L. U. E.
Fireplace R. U. is practical.
"Your lights work changes during this act."

ACT III

AT RISE: INTERIOR OF JAIL.

Footlights FULL UP
Ceiling border FULL UP
Back border AMBER FULL UP
AMBER Arc outside window and door R.
AMBER bunches outside door at back C.
Desk telephone set, and Prac. bell box on set.
"Your lights stand throughout this act."

ACT IV

AT RISE: (Same as Act III)

BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE

135

Footlights $\frac{1}{4}$ to work up with the Sunrise effect to FULL

Ceiling border same to work up with the Sunrise effect to FULL

Back border same to work up with the Sunrise effect to FULL

BLUE FROSTED over AMBER Arcs at R. to work Sunrise to STRAW.

In this act the telephone connection is "broken" on stage.

Entrance lights as before.

"Your lights work in this act."

MEMO AND STAGE MANAGER'S WORKING
PLOT—
ACT I

Footlights FULL Ceiling border $\frac{3}{4}$. Brackets and
lamps and fire ON.

No Music.

Curtain.

————— if I could catch them, sir.

READY DOOR BELL

————— Not that I know of, sir.

DOOR BELL

————— as if you were immune.

READY DOOR BELL

————— in spite of high tide or Hell.

DOOR BELL

————— watch this house all night.

READY LIGHTS

————— Turn them out. BUS.

LIGHTS OUT

————— Turn on the lights. All right.

LIGHTS ON

————— Where is he?

READY TELEPHONE

————— Where is he? (Second time)

WARNING

————— I'm not excited.

TELEPHONE

————— What. He stole my hat.

CURTAIN (Ring Act II on the word "What")

Foot lights and ceiling border at $\frac{1}{2}$

RED Arcs on back drop ready to come to BLUE.

No Music.
Curtain.

————— It isn't safe.

DIM LIGHTS TO $\frac{1}{3}$.

————— if I have to sleep on the floor.

READY LIGHT CHANGE TO BLUE ON
BACK DROP.

————— a week if you want to.

BLUE ON BACK DROP.

————— hobbled and your guns loaded.

DIM LIGHTS TO $\frac{1}{4}$.

————— don't be slow about it.

DIM LIGHTS TO $\frac{1}{8}$.

————— straight home and tell me. Under-
stand?

DIM LIGHTS DOWN AND OUT.

————— Does anybody live here? BUS.

ON THIS BUS. WORK YOUR LIGHTS UP TO
REQUIRED PLAYING LIGHT.

————— Anybody home?

READY FIRE LIGHT.

————— to eat you raw. BUS.

ON THIS BUS. BRING ON YOUR FIRE.

————— absolutely alone all night.

READY LIGHTS OUT.

————— Pleasant dreams. Nighty, nighty.

BUS.

LIGHTS OUT.

————— Mr. MacGinniss. Mr. MacGinniss.

Mr. MacGinniss.

READY LIGHTS ON.

————— Light the candle. BUS.

LIGHTS ON.

————— Have you got a gun?

READY LIGHTS OUT.

————— Throw up your hands. BUS.

LIGHTS OUT.

————— Don't shoot. Don't shoot.

READY LIGHTS ON.

————— Who ever heard of gas up here?

BUS.
LIGHTS ON.

————— if he kicks me, shoot him.

WARNING.

————— couple of bucks before the season
closed.

CURTAIN (Ring on the word "Before")

ACT III

Footlights and ceiling border FULL
AMBER Arcs outside window and door R.
No Music.
Curtain.

————— She's a deputy sheriff now.
READY TELEPHONE.

————— and if I don't like it——
TELEPHONE.

————— What do you know?
READY HORSE EFFECT OFF R. 2 cues.

————— getting the best of you.
READY VOICES OFF R.

————— Oh, you. You. You.

HORSE EFFECT. No. 1.

————— Something doing.

VOICES OFF R.

————— Whoop-ee.

HORSE EFFECT. No. 2.

————— swam to her assistance—and there
you are.

READY TELEPHONE.

————— That's all I had time to do.

TELEPHONE.

————— by a flock of pearls.

READY TELEPHONE.

WARNING.

————— Thank God Sole is still alive.

TELEPHONE.

————— then both went down. Sing Sing.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV

Lights at $\frac{1}{4}$; Sunrise effect to work outside window and door R.

Horse effect ready.

No Music.

Curtain.

————— Do you wish to see the Sunrise?
BY THIS CUE YOU HAVE WORKED YOUR
LIGHTS TO FULL.

Page 8 in the Act.

————— Simpson we're here to work.

READY TRAIN WHISTLE.

————— Did you know them?

TRAIN WHISTLE FAINT.

————— dish of strawberries and cream.

READY TELEPHONE.

————— be a prisoner in this jail. BUS.

TELEPHONE.

————— We beg your pardon.

READY AUTO HORN OFF R.

————— taking his exercise now.

READY HORSE EFFECT OFF R.

————— Is there a taxi-cab in this town?

No.

AUTO HORN.

————— All right. (*DOLLY calling off door*)

HORSE EFFECT.

————— have I got to wear spurs?

READY HORSE EFFECT.

————— I'm not going to hurt you. Nice
horsie.

HORSE EFFECT.

————— step down and get the mail.

READY HORSE EFFECT.

————— had been lost in the Atlantic Ocean.

HORSE EFFECT.

————— part of my friend Brown.

READY HORSE EFFECT.

————— Horse back? Yes. Dolly.

HORSE EFFECT. CLATTER OF HOOFS.

DEAD RUN.

————— I won't spur you in the flanks.

READY HORSE EFFECT.

————— I'm seeing things. Brown.

READY CLOCK STRIKE NINE.

————— Did you get in Arizona?

HORSE EFFECT.

————— Off the picket fence.

CLOCK NINE (9)

————— Women won't count.

WARNING.

————— to be your prisoner for life. May

I?

CURTAIN (Ring on the word "Life")

THE GHOST TRAIN

A mystery thriller in 3 acts. By Arnold Ridley. Produced originally at the Eltinge Theatre, New York. 7 males, 4 females. 1 interior scene. Modern costumes.

The story is laid in a peaceful village in Maine where there lives a superstition of twenty years standing about a ghost train which flashes by in the dead of night, swinging the scythe of death. Rum-runners use this superstition to their own advantage in the transportation of liquor from Canada. As the night train draws into the small station, some passengers get off and the train moves on. These passengers are compelled to wait all night, for they have missed connections. And what a night they spend. When the decrepit old station-master tells them about the terrifying "Ghost Train," bringing death to all who observe it, they just poo-poo the idea. But everything happens as forecast. The station-master is stricken dead mysteriously. The signal bell rings. The engine whistles. The train roars through the junction and one who rashly gazes upon it apparently succumbs. Lovers of mystery plays will find here a piece to their liking.

"If you want a hair-raising, seat-gripping ride, buy your tickets early for 'The Ghost Train.'" New York Mirror.

(Royalty, fifty dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE SPIDER

A mystery play in 3 acts. By Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano. Produced originally at Channin's Forty-Sixth Street Theatre in New York. 21 males, 3 females. 5 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

Here is a novelty, if there ever was one, replete with chills and fevers. The authors have represented the dastardly murder of Carrington, not on the stage, but in the audience. While Alexander, assistant to Chatrand the Great, is reading the initials on your watch the lights go out, a shot is fired and when the lights go up again Carrington is discovered mortally wounded on a runway over the orchestra pit and immediately the theatre is loud with excitement. Who fired the shot? As the play goes on through the succeeding scenes, bringing doctors and policemen up the aisles, bidding the audience to remain seated, and posting officers at every exit to prevent escape, suspicion rests on the magician, the girl and others. Shots bark here and there. House lights go on and off. Ghastly objects swing across the darkness; strange faces and eerie voices. And all in good time the slippery scoundrel is discovered.

(Royalty, thirty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE RALE McCOY

A mystery comedy in 3 acts. By M. J. J. MacKeown.
4 males, 3 females. 1 interior scene. Modern costumes.

The story of the play is that of Robbie John McCoy, a gentleman of apparently no fixed occupation, who is married to Rose Ann McCoy, a woman of property and of very fixed ideas as to handling a husband. He returns to his home after an absence of three days and has only dim ideas as to all he had done during the time, but he does recall that he had, with great difficulty, arranged a match between Billy McCandless and Maggie Robinson. This tale and an unusual theory advanced by a stranger, concerning death and ghosts, fails to interest, much less mollify, Mrs. McCoy, who wants a better explanation of her spouse's protracted absence. Left alone Robbie John dozes in his chair and turns around after a moment to find that a stranger has arrived. She is garbed in the dress of the ancient Egyptians. The strange thing about the story, so far, is that Robbie John is not asleep. He is not dreaming and the visitor is real flesh and blood. What actually happened is too good to unfold here, but suffice it to say that the rapidly occurring situations, led up to by sparkling lines, hold your interest from start to finish.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE WASP'S NEST

Mystery comedy in 3 acts. By Adelaide Matthews and Martha Stanley. Produced originally at Wallack's Theatre, New York. 7 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

Roger McDowell comes to the deserted home of his dead grandfather at midnight to meet a prospective buyer. At the same time a train en route to New York is held up and robbed by two bandits, who later seek refuge in the abandoned house. Henry Fifield, the executor and mortgage holder of the estate, also comes to the house this night to seek the original documents and bonds on which he has been embezzling funds. These bonds rightfully belong to the McDowells. The presence of these various persons, in addition to a colored maid; a young attractive girl, who has escaped from the robber train; the prospective buyer and others, makes for an exceedingly funny situation, since each group believed themselves to be alone in the place. There are mysterious disappearances, knockings, groans, weird rushing sounds, ringing bells, apparitions, everything that a first class mystery play should have.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THREE STRIKES—YOU'RE OUT

A comedy in 3 acts. By Wilbur Braun. 5 males, 6 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

When Samuel Phelps returns to his home after a business trip bringing with him one of the greatest baseball players in the United States, interest runs riot. Especially since "Dizzy Wynne," the baseball player in question, has saved Phelps' life. "Dizzy" has been invited to stay for dinner, but after catching a glimpse of charming Lois Phelps he decides to make it an extended visit. Russell Swade, a typical American youth, is in love with Lois, but—poor fellow—what chance has he got against the famous "Dizzy"? You will thrill with surprise at the novel last act wherein a baseball game is enacted before your very eyes. You will howl with glee at Minnie Hanks, the maid in Phelps' household, at Mrs. Lavinia Phelps who has never seen a ball game in her life, and who is superstitious to a degree, you will chuckle heartily at the supreme egotism of "Dizzy" Wynne. Sure to be one of the most popular plays of the season.

(Royalty, ten dollars.) PRICE 50 CENTS.

LITTLE MISS FORTUNE

A comedy in 3 acts. By Charles George. 4 males and 7 females. 1 very simple interior setting. Modern costumes.

The Cooper family consisted of a widowed mother and her two children, Katharine, aged eighteen, and William, aged sixteen. Their entire life had been a struggle for a bare existence. Mrs. Cooper made and sold potato chips and Katharine made a candy that had achieved fame in their town as "Kitty's Kisses," which were sold at a local candy store run by a young man, whom everyone supposed Kitty would marry one day. But he had ideas of wealth and social position and had shifted his affections to the daughter of a wealthy man. Life seemed colorless and drab for Kitty, when suddenly they were informed that their father's brother had died in the far West and that they were the heirs to his fortune. In an instant, everything changed for the Coopers. Shops begged them for accounts. They had arrived. During a stay at a summer camp, Kitty had met a young man whom she liked. He was a quiet, unassuming chap, presumably very poor.

A later will left by the Coopers' uncle is discovered, wherein all his money is left to charity and they are right back where they started. Their credit is withdrawn and their newly made friends cut them. They face life, once again, with poverty staring them in the face when the poor boy turns out to be the son of a very wealthy family, and learning of their misfortune, proposes to Kitty and all ends happily.

(Royalty, ten dollars.) PRICE 50 CENTS.

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS

A comedy in 3 acts. By Graham Moffat. Produced originally at the Comedy Theatre, New York. 5 males, 5 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes.

The story told with naïve humor, concerns the fortunes of half a dozen middle-class Scotch. The marrying Scotch ladies have their keen sense of the material side of the matrimonial bargain. The Scotch men are also practical. But Bunty is the canniest of the lot. Bunty's father, a pillar of the kirk, has been somewhat irregular in connection with a trust fund given to him by Miss Susie Simpson, a vinegary spinster. She has suspicions and boldly suggests marriage as an alternative to an accounting. Meanwhile, Eelen Dunlop, whom Bunty's parent had jilted twenty-five years before, turns up. Susie suspects that there may be a reawakening of sentiment, and Sunday morning she makes a scene in front of the kirk, and accuses Bunty's father of the theft. The undaunted daughter proves her ability. She promises payment the following day and this is accomplished with money that her fiancé, William Sprunt, has saved for their marriage. Then, having side-tracked the repellent Susie, Bunty arranges for the marriage of her father and the long abandoned Eelen. And all the while Bunty's own interests are not overlooked. Her own wedding day has been carefully fixed, and on her own terms.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

APPLESAUCE

Comedy in 3 acts. By Barry Connors. Produced originally by Richard Herndon at the Ambassador Theatre, New York. 4 males, 3 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes.

Bill McAllister was that serene and envied type of youth who could get along quite well without working. His chief stock-in-trade "applesauce" manages to get for him all the essentials of life, even a girl. The main obstacle for Bill to overcome is the fact that Hazel is engaged to be married to Rollo Jenkins, an industrious young man who looks carefully at every penny before he spends it.

Obstacle number two is in the form of Hazel's father who happens to be well pleased with Rollo. As might be gathered Rollo and Hazel have a spat about Bill with the result that the spreader of a little sunshine wins the girl. There is an extremely funny scene in which Bill plays up the enormous cost of married life and talks Rollo right out of his engagement. He marries the girl with just \$6 in his pocket and the firm belief that two can live as cheaply as one, for talk is cheap and Bill is no lazy linguist.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE FAMILY UPSTAIRS

Comedy of American life in 3 acts. By Harry Delf. Produced originally by Sam H. Harris at the Gaiety Theatre, New York. 4 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

Joe Heller is a street-car inspector on \$42.50 a week. Louise is his eldest daughter, an office worker, now aged twenty-one who hasn't managed to land a husband yet. Her mother's one anxiety is to get her properly married, while father's ambition is to get his son, Willie, to work. Sister Annabelle, the "kid sister" of the family, has one passion, and that is getting out of doing her piano lessons. It is a typical average American home that we look into: Annabelle practising on the tin-panny piano, Willie making a telephone date with a girl friend, father coming home from work in his uniform, fagged out, mother bossing, Annabelle's playing, everyone wanting dinner, and so forth. Charles Grant comes to call on Louise and after embarrassed introductions all around, he is left alone with her. They are in love with each other, and before the evening is out they are engaged. But mother puts her finger into the domestic pie. She tells the neighbors what a wonderful fellow Louise has won and that he is a big banker (in reality he is making \$40 a week). And the game of bluff goes on. Having heard all this "propaganda," Grant begins to wonder what sort of a family he is getting into. There is an unhappy half-hour when the engagement seems to be off, and then Grant's mother appears on the scene. Mrs. Grant is just the bluffer that Mrs. Heller is, and both see through all the bluffs and discount them. Everything ends happily.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

A FULL HOUSE

A farcical comedy in 3 acts. By Fred Jackson. 7 males, 7 females. 1 interior scene. Modern costumes.

Imagine a reckless and wealthy youth who writes ardent love letters, an attorney brother-in-law who steals them and then gets his hand bag mixed up with the grip of a burglar who has just stolen a valuable necklace from the mother of the indiscreet youth, and the efforts of the crook to recover his plunder, as incidents in the story of a play in which the swiftness of the action never halts for an instant. Not only are the situations screamingly funny but the lines themselves hold a fund of humor.

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